THE COMMONWEAL

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THE CULTURE OF CHRIST

IN DEVOTIING the principal articles in this issue of THE COMMONWEAL to educational subjects, we are continuing a policy—a duty, rather, which has been a customary part of our work since that work began. Even the pressure of problems which in the minds of most people seem to be more immediate in their interest, and more "practical" in their scope, cannot swerve us from this policy. Particularly is this the case when we know that the false emphasis—possibly even a wrong definition—given to what are the most "practical" among all the problems of the age constitutes one of the most difficult barriers to the solutions of these problems. We think it may be said that all problems facing human society, at any time, may be roughly divided into two main aspects; one being the question of their immediate disposition, the second being the question of their permanent solution. If a man stricken with an organic disease at the same time is suffering pain and acute discomfort, a sensible doctor will do all he can to lessen or get rid of the pain, but he will know that not until the organic trouble is dealt with is there any hope of restoring the patient to health. And the same thing is true of human society. At present, that society is suffering with a bewildering complex of aches and pains and dislocations, mostly economic. It is all very well—in fact it is a clear duty—for the physicians who think they can remedy society's condition to deal with the immediate, minor ailments. But society at bottom is morally sick. Long ago it ceased to believe that its first duty was to seek after the kingdom of God, so that lesser good things might be added unto its portion. Society has set the pyramid of its structure upon its apex, rather than the base indicated by the divine law. The main purpose of the Christian has been forgotten, ignored, denied, or perverted. So has modern education, largely speaking, and with due regard for what it has retained of Christian truth, been diverted from the fundamental purpose, which should be the training of the intelligence to use the truths revealed and taught by religion.

A glaring instance of the manner in which the Christion religion has been deserted, or condemned, upon false premises, is supplied by an editorial article in The Nation of June 22. Under the title of "Christless Culture," the Nation's article bitterly examines certain statements made by speakers at a meeting of the Presbyterian General Council at Denver. One of these speakers, Dr. William Chambers Covert, it appears

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"blamed the present condition of the world upon our 'Christless culture,' and uttered a lamentation concerning the lack of Christian principles on the part of modern writers, philosophers and professors, business leaders and politicians."

After this speech, and similar ones, says the Nation, "the specific proposals which the combined wisdom of the assembly could excogitate and present to the suffering world," only amounted to "resolutions requesting that the better magazines refuse tobacco advertisements;" the denunciation of motion pictures "in general;" the advocacy of Federal ownership; the condemnation of the use of radio on Sunday; and the excoriation of all advocates of prohibition appeal as "infamous conspirators who attack the Constitution."

Accepting all this (which seems mostly based upon newspaper headlines rather than upon the full text of the Presbyterian Council's deliberations), as "a sample of what the best Christian minds could produce," the Nation then proceeds to a mordant criticism of the Presbyterian thesis which reveals how completely this representative organ of liberal social reformers misunderstands the Christian religion. We are not concerned to defend the "specific proposals" of the Presbyterian Council for remedying the evils produced by non-Christian culture and education. They strike us as being singularly inadequate, to say the least. But when The Nation accepts such feeble futilties as typical of the best that can be produced by Christian leaders, we can only wonder in what kind of world our contemporary lives? And when it goes on to suggest, apparently quite seriously, that as "the church" has had two thousand years to demonstrate its leadership in "the effort to establish a more equitable society," and has, apparently, utterly failed, we can only marvel that our friends of The Nation do not try to gain a clear idea of what the Christian religion conceives to be its main purpose before it ventures to condemn it as a failure. Christianity has never, nor can it ever, hold out to mankind the glittering promise of an earthly paradise to be attained by mankind's own unaided power. That is the dream of materialism; whether that dream be cast in the rigid dogmas of militant Communism, or the schemes of state socialism, or the vaguer forms of various schools of materialistic sociology. But normal, orthodox Christianity, which is to say, Catholicism, has not denied or attempted to frustrate mankind's unceasing desire to attain to a reasonable state of peace, and well being, and contentment; on the contrary, the true Church has always done her utmost to help humanity in that endeavor—but not at the price of forgetting the supreme culture of Christianity, which is the education and the salvation of souls for eternal peace and well being. And today, as in the past, as it will be in the future, the Church pursues her mission undaunted by any storms, no matter how grave. Hers is the culture of sanctity. Other good things shall be gained in the service of the greater good; but never shall any lasting good thing be gained by man if in seeking it he turns away from God and His Christ. And to maintain that fundamental principle is the task of Christian education. The task must go on in spite of all the troubles of the age. In proportion as that task succeeds, those troubles will be mastered. For this task is of the essence of the culture of Christ.

WEEK BY WEEK

THIS WEEK'S major event, the Republican Convention, is dealt with at length elsewhere in this issue. We shall permit ourselves a few independent remarks, for the reason that the spectacle aroused certain irrepressible emotions. The meeting reminded us first of all of a western farmer who once remarked: "When me and the wife is in good humor, we set and talk; when we're in a bad humor we just set." Republicanism in 1932 is committed to Herbert Hoover. And since Mr. Hoover's views on all social and economic questions may be summarized in the dictum that while waiting for deflation to take its inevitable course we must offend as few people as possible, the Chicago convention was unable to discuss any really serious problem. The Party's head is in a noose—and this situation is, one must admit, not unprecedented. But the extent to which the victim was willing to "set" seems a little astonishing in retrospect. Senator Dickinson's address was a new demonstration of how a man with nothing to say can keep his mind inactive while talking. There have been a good many keynote speeches in the past, but so far as we are aware none of these is so distinguished for banality, vacuity and absurdity as this year's masterpiece. It was a eulogy of Mr. Hoover which stressed those things which the President was unable to do, and avoided the few details in the handling of which he has been victorious. Thus the said Mr. Hoover did not write the tariff law (it was written in spite of him), and he did not balance the budget. His accomplishments—a sounder approach to problems of foreign policy, the writing of several interesting reports of a nation-wide scope, and the value of his name to privately conducted relief work—were ignored. Representative Snell did a little better. He prepared the voter's mind for the coming ordeal by saying all those things about the Democrats which these will be uttering in a few days about the Republicans.

Republicanism in the Stocks

AND SO it happened that owing chiefly to the vigor and determination of two men—Senator Bingham and Dr. Butler—the convention did not "set" on one issue regarding which popular clamor is too loud to be ignored. The prohibition question is not the biggest of the nation's worries, but dealing with it now has one tremendous advantage. Repeal of this model of legislative tommyrot is clearly the only way of making money for the government which places no burden on anybody excepting bootleggers and one or two gentle-

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men in the enforcement offices. It is pretty clear to a number of hard-headed business men that, though they can get plenty to drink when they want it, chucking the whole of Volsteadism overboard would save a lot in taxes and discontent. Repeal was, therefore, a matter of practical importance. But again the Party's elephantine head was in the noose. How could Mr. Hoover, who had appealed to the drys (of even Bishop Cannon's persuasion) in 1928, kiss them goodbye in 1932? Shocking thought! Whereupon the steam-rollers got into action and there was evolved a plank which reads like the least lucid passages in the Book of Revelations. But the interesting thing was the vote. If somebody like Bryan had been on the floor of the Chicago stadium, there would have been a different story to tell. Dr. Butler toiled valiantly, but he is too irregular and highbrow for that kind of crowd. Meanwhile, many citizens are rallying for prayer that the country's Democrats may evolve more sanity than they have recently manifested.

DURING THE past week a very remarkable financial phenomenon has occurred—the ending of foreign withdrawals of gold from the American market. Since Great Britain put sterling on a new basis, the drain on the vaults of the Federal Reserve Bank has taken a billion and a half dollars worth of gold back to Europe, the larger part of which went to France, Holland, Switzerland and Belgium. While this movement was in progress it caused intense if somewhat muffled alarm. Had the press made a point of scare-heading the developments, a panic of the utmost seriousness might have set in; and of course, even as it was, a notable pressure against the dollar was discernible. Taken by itself, the repatriation of foreign gold would not have been calamitous. After all, if this had been used to expand credit abroad, the resulting stimulation of trade throughout the world might have been beneficial. But during the same months, contracting credit and loss of public confidence very seriously affected the bank reserves available to the Federal Reserve System in the United States. A good deal of that forced sale of securities which has so badly unsettled all markets may be attributed, therefore, to the fact that the "flight of gold" hung like a threat over the whole monetary organization. Now one may confidently say that the nation has withstood one storm. The pressure has been as firm as anything in recorded American history, but all fears of "outside influence" have now disappeared. There remains the danger inherent in "capital flight" and "hoarding" on the part of those who are afraid that conditions still do not warrant confidence. This peril is serious, and it may yet be necessary for the government to take further precautionary or remedial measures. Yet we do know that one stormy cape has been rounded. The United States is not used to "threats," and this one did more harm than is commonly admitted in public.

Gold in the Balance

ONE OF the most harrowing aspects of the protraction of the depression is the report that women more and more are being forced out into the public charitable institutions for shelter and food. This has been noted in many quarters. Earlier it had been said that one of the phenomena of the hard times was the number of destitute men to be seen in the bread lines and "flop-houses" and the absence of their feminine counterparts. Even unemployed men, it was believed, still fulfilled their function of providers by managing somehow to bring home a dime or so, or a little food, while the women still clung to their homes.

Destitute Women

ANOTHER phase of the present situation is reported to be the change in the type of women forced to apply for help. Formerly they were almost exclusively domestics and the lower grades of factory help, poor women who when times were at their best were on the ragged edge of being completely down and out. Now college graduates, erstwhile school teachers, highly trained office workers and skilled hands, and girls brought up in luxury, are compelled to seek food, shelter and clothing from charity organizations. Such news is certainly maddening in the sense of individual frustration it must provoke in every reader. Here we are potentially, in farm and factory resources for the production of real goods, the wealthiest in all our history —yet horrible, abject poverty ravages the country. God give our leaders humane social vision and the vigor and courage to restore our social order! And when the new dispensation shall materialize, as we surely believe it must before very long, let us hope we shall not forget those poor who are always with us, those women, and men, who are the more familiar types in the refuges for the penniless.

THIS YEAR'S supply of college graduates has now been sped on its way with the customary flourish. Men chosen to make the commencement addresses must have felt this June that their task was even more difficult than usual. In spite of a lingering suspicion that brevity is expected of them, speakers would really like to say something of value, worth remembering and actually remembered. And what could be offered at a time when the simplest way out would have been to suggest that after all there are worse fates than being an A.B. in 1932? Looking over the season's addresses, one finds that the common trait was a suggestion of encouragement and a plea for greater interest in civic problems. The picture, it was stated many times, is not so dark as it seems. America will eventually need able, determined young men. Meanwhile these might occupy their time speculating on what they could do for their country granted the right sort of opportunity. Many of the speeches were very nice. But one hopes—legitimately enough—that few of the graduates attempted what is called compara-

Goodbye to Alma Mater

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tive literature. This could only bring to them the suspicion that older men are convinced that the world has gone to the bowwows, that they are reluctant to tell so sad a truth to handsome young men or women, and that they suggest meditation on the causes of human stupidity and failure. Yes, in spite of themselves the commencement orators talked pretty much to this effect: "Boys, we have made a mess of things. You can have an interesting, though of course unprofitable, time finding out why."

AND the graduates will do no such thing. Some of them—the studious ones may be—will pursue the bubble education still farther, which is no doubt the sanest thing to do under the circumstances. Others will look hopefully for jobs, and the most vigorous of this group will eventually find employment—with the result that in due time they will make aggressive speeches about the value of initiative and pluck. And still others, through no fault of their own, will wander about more than a little aimlessly, wondering why it is that the accumulated din and activity known as America has no room for them. Were they not told that the country "needs leadership" and that college education does all sorts of things for the personality and the pocketbook? And do not their relatives and friends wonder a little why John or Mary is left so visibly stranded? This group is bound to contain some of the very finest young people—boys and girls interested in the art of living, unselfish and imaginative. To them we wish to speak a word of our own: tell the relatives, the friends and the world go hang. It is obviously not your fault if civilization has ballyhooed a preparedness campaign out of all relation to work which needs such preparation. But do not lose yourself in introspection. Set out to learn, and to do for others. At the end of five years, you may not have saved many cents but you will have a vast accumulation of unshed tears and of well-earned smiles.

Youth and Beauty

AT FIRST blush, we were struck by the irony of the President of the Carnegie Institute of Technology, in his commencement address, recommending leisure to his young men about to rush out of the academic huddle into the one big and everlasting fray. Times being what they are, it would seem that opportunity for leisure would be one of the least concerns of the new recruits to the army of the unemployed who advance with an easily crumpled and soiled sheep skin in their right hand as though it were a formidable weapon. It was especially disconcerting to have the head of an institute of technology speaking thus. Then with a little persistence and reflection, we found excellent good sense in what he said and found it most appropriate that he should be addressing that younger generation who are one of the main hopes in the face of each succeeding disallusionment and in whose care is the future.

SAID President Thomas S. Baker: "There are reasons for believing that the United States will never require as many hours of labor as in the past. The sum total of work to be performed will never be as great as before 1929. No more railroads are needed. There are too many mines, too many farms are being tilled. But most important of all is the rapid development of technology, which has reduced to a degree that cannot be computed the gross amount of labor that must be done. However, it should be regarded as a blessing if we are forced to work less hard for our daily bread. The appeal for greater productivity, greater industry, greater energy, is today out of place. Our prayer now must be for greater intelligence, that we may learn to distribute more systematically and more equitably the benefits that we enjoy." Earnestly we join with Dr. Baker in this prayer and hope that the present darkness immediately precedes the dawn of a golden era for America with connotations more than metallurgical. May the clear thoughts and fresh energies of youth direct us to more leisure, less unemployment and better times. And by leisure, we do not mean mere waste of time. Beauty and the identification of it where it already exists, may be a larger concern of the active American spirit.

Entente Cordiale

WE HAVE taken occasion to remark before on the steady—if slow, and sometimes interrupted—growth of an understanding of things Catholic, in the non-Catholic world. It may not be absolutely true, as has been averred by enthusiasts of the Faith, that all we need to do is to sit tight and wait for the spontaneous reversal of every judgment delivered by the Reformation against us. But it is more true than false. Catholic scholars and Catholic saints, canonized and uncanonized, have done their active part in redressing unfavorable opinion, of course. But non-Catholic scholarship, at its best, has also played a disinterested and honorable rôle; and a legion of non-Catholic laymen of good-will have supplemented the formal findings of history by a friendliness, an openness to truth, whose value is beyond calculation. It is one of their number who writes out the chapter of his own personal "discovery" of Catholicism in Brazil, in the current *Catholic World*. Douglas Naylor, who describes himself as having been reared a Protestant in a midwestern Protestant community, and as having attended a denominational college where the evangelical spirit was strong, was, one would think, an ideal test case for the impact of Catholicism. His testimony should have value as coming from an outsider who, however fair in mind, was in training and expectation positively unsympathetic.

YET HIS admiration of Brazilian Catholicism is sincere, his delight in the native, religion-mellowed culture is deep; and his explanations of certain human deficiencies—as the lack of intensive education of many of the

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priests—are as sensible, and as eagerly offered, as those of anyone of the household of the Faith might be. The religious situation, he found, had been "distorted or half-stated by partizan writers. There is actually a wealth of native religious lore, colored by the deep poetry of the people. Where it merges into superstition, this is not due to the Church, but to the enterprising adoption, by witch and pagan cults of fragments and fringes of Christian tradition and practice. The realest problem of the Church is the vast size of the country, which makes it almost impossible to secure even the requisite minimum of "highly educated volunteers" for the "necessarily manifold ranks of the clergy"; though, says Mr. Naylor, he himself does not now believe that the priesthood need be "composed entirely of *literati* or sociological experts," what is ordinarily needed being a "humble priest, who diligently administers the Sacraments, is everybody's friend, and is well equipped to understand as a man, and to forgive as a priest." But the very heart of Mr. Naylor's truly Catholic discoveries is that, whereas Protestants are often individually "inhibited by their own narrow-mindedness in both thought and action," despite their "liberal creed," Catholics are often "genuinely liberal in their personal attitude toward life, and are open-minded in regard to its complex motives, varied ideals and differing aims"—in spite of their confessed religious dogmatism. This fact, he admits, confounded him repeatedly, before he finally accepted it as a fact. Even now he ascribes it, with disarming naïveté, "to some reason I do not yet understand." Mr. Naylor is a witness well worth bringing into court. The book which he promises on Brazil—it was in collecting its material that he made himself into a careful instead of a merely casual observer—should advance the general understanding in a field that much needs it.

Note to Censors

WE HAVE never professed to know how the difficult problem of censorship should be met in its entirety. But we do know that, if the function exists legally at all, there are certain cases which should no more escape it than a decaying carcass in a main thoroughfare should escape the department of sanitation. Some things are not so much a matter of definition as of bad smell. We will specify. At present a reputable tobacco company is plastering the boardings of the country with a drawing of which the half-witted vulgarity would be hard to match among lavatory sketches. Its sale point is that there is an enormous fillip to be got out of the idea that animals have sex. Incidentally, it has nothing to do with the merits, the use or the sale of tobacco—but that is no affair of ours. It is as mere citizens, with tired eyes and some regard still for the pretensions of public taste, that we invite whatever body judges these things, to turn its attention to this particular sample. What standard of censorship, if it interdicts anything at all, can fail to interdict that?

A Mediaeval Figure

THE FONDNESS of the Middle Ages for symbolistic expressions is well-known and had often been commented upon. One such expression, and we think a particularly attractive one, is called to mind by Sister Mary Emmanuel's translation of Saint Bonaventure's "Mirror of the Blessed Virgin Mary." The "mirror" is that in which the graces and charms of the feminine person are reflected; and so the mystic would make of his meditation and writing a mirror, too, in which the virtues, prerogatives and beauties of the Blessed Virgin are shown. Such a concept seems to have been a spur to the mystic's rapture. He could literally think of no beauteous imagery too resplendent to give a picture of his theme. The use of the "mirror" image continued during many centuries. Here is to be sought the origin of the familiar dictum that Shakespeare holds a mirror up to nature. One thinks that our time might well make profitable use of such terms and spiritualized imagination.

EDUCATION THROUGH THE AIR

THE PUBLIC has been slow to note that as a medium of education the school is already quite old-fashioned. And yet few things are more evident. Even so late as a quarter of a century ago, the class-room possessed a monopoly now difficult to understand in retrospect. Practically nowhere else was "learning" dispensed, though to be sure there were always a certain number of persons whose children were instructed privately. Then, as during all former ages, limitation of the number of schools meant stopping the growth of the "educated" public. The teacher had a significance which he no longer so much as claims. He was information incarnate, just as the priest was religion exemplified.

Today the school is, to be sure, still important. It alone teaches what one may term the methodology of learning—such matters as reading and reckoning, upon the use of which a very great deal depends. Nevertheless in our time a human being could become what former ages would have termed "educated" though he were able neither to read nor write a word. By simply listening and seeing he might, if so minded, pick up a fairly systematic knowledge of history, geography, science and even religion. The media upon which he would rely include the address, the radio, the movie. To one of these he could turn during virtually every hour of the day. If we try to imagine what such a person's mind would be like at the end of ten years of such "training," we shall have a fairly good idea of what these devices are actually accomplishing.

But of course it is no such hypothetical mortal with whom the radio and the movie are dealing. Like the press, they seek to reach the "average" American—that is, the citizen who seems to form the majority. This they do simply because all are commercial ventures. Whereas as the school is, at least relatively, an

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idealistic foundation concerned with improving and instructing young and old *whether they like it or not,* the agencies now under consideration must depend upon applause for their offerings if they hope to make any money. Accordingly we arrive at the following curious contrast:—while the aims of education are fixed and are said to be identical with the dissemination of truth in several forms, modern education methods in great part serve to afford what pleases the majority. All is well if truth and pleasure coincide. The question is, do they? If they do not, then one part of our modern educational system is busily destroying the good work done by the other part.

For reasons too numerous to mention, nobody any longer claims that the "pleasure" afforded by the theatre—or the movie specifically—is educational. We all know that the overwhelmingly majority of films are illiterate when they are not emotionally or morally primitive. The "faculty" which stands behind them is possibly the saddest array of servants to the malformed mind which has ever been recruited in history. To be sure, one may "like" the movies for some things —the physical beauty photographed in them, the histrionic ability occasionally displayed in their making. But one has a fancy that the mortal who turned to them for "education," in any sense, would be worthy of all the adjectives ever lavished on the feeble-minded. Nor is there any apparent way in which the situation can be improved. Unless an incredible revolution in the public taste occurs, Hollywood is bound to continue symbolizing everything that the little red school-house is not.

But there is another modern educational medium against which these strictures cannot be levelled. The radio has, beyond all doubt, made a genuinely commendable effort to provide fare worthy of the name. Accordingly it is with no desire to be more critical than the law allows that we offer the following interpretation of its educational service to date. The aim is only to point out, for the benefit of the educator, some conclusions which seem fairly obvious.

The broadcasting laboratories reveal the same astonishing perfection of technique which has been attained by the motion picture and the press. Could the schools of the country get half as much of this lavish and ultra-modern equipment, they would fancy that the milennium had dawned. From the tube to the "mike," everything of which science is capable has been done to eliminate disturbance. Is the product worthy of this effort? Sometimes it undoubtedly is. When excellent addresses are delivered; when opera or symphonic music is broadcast; when a clear-voiced singer does his or her best—then there is no denying that the radio has provided material of genuine educational merit. And if one adds the programs sponsored by Catholic and other organizations for religious purposes, or by the National Council for Radio in Education for civic betterment, it is apparent that both educational opportunity and desire to afford the right sort of material are present.

Nevertheless all such efforts are addenda to the regular activity of the broadcasting stations. These are concerned, ninety percent of the time, with making propaganda either for manufactured products or for ideas dear to the hearts of leading business men. The chief difficulty is, therefore, how to embed these morsels of suggestion in a sauce appetizing enough to make the public swallow them. For whatever else may be said about this public, it is not yet stupid enough to care for naked advertising even when dispensed by a great corporation. So far the advertisers have relied chiefly upon music, though some hard work has been expended on literary programs, too. Mystery stories, humorous dialogues, playlets have now and then managed to reap wholesale applause. To date all is still in the experimental stage, but it is noticeable that the radio companies, aware that theirs is a real monopoly over which the threat of government control is constantly suspended, have striven to eliminate unwholesome matter and to modify the sentimentality and witlessness which would otherwise prevail.

That there is sentimentality, and that witlessness is often resorted to, cannot be denied. During a good part of the day radio programs are about as inane as anything that can well be imagined. The thought that listening to such tommyrot constitutes a good part of the daily intellectual effort of tens of thousands of families may well give the educator a kind of nightmare. Many feel, indeed, that the situation is bad enough to justify the conviction that government operation and supervision alone can solve the problem. It is pointed out that only in this country is advertising permitted to rule supreme over a great new force for pleasure and instruction.

We are not in favor of this radical remedy. What is excellent for other countries does not always prove a godsend to the United States, as experience demonstrates. It seems to us rather that the teachers of the country have a magnificent opportunity here if they can take collective advantage of it. Utilizing some programs in school, and encouraging pupils and students to "listen in" on others would, if properly developed, give the schools a great deal of influence with the companies. Here, again the democratic paradox is revealed. Just as bad government is largely the result of the better citizen's inactivity, the deluge of piffle and tripe which emanates from popular educational media has for one of its major causes the satiric and despairing attitude of the better instructed groups. Were these to make themselves half as vocal as the semi-illiterate do, affairs would soon change.

Radio is still worth redeeming and quite redeemable. It will develop into a genuinely powerful force for betterment not as a result of futile institutionalizing but as a consequence of intelligent cooperation on the educator's part. Of course the individual can do little; the school as a whole can accomplish much. And woe betide it if it sits back on its haunches and smiles despairingly!

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THE TWO HOOVER'S AT CHICAGO

By CHARLES WILLIS THOMPSON

Not a few are still stunned by the events in Chicago at the Republican Convention. There were so many anomalies, notably the apparent discipline of the convention and at the same time the intimations of serious revolt. Mr. Thompson, one of the most experienced and competent political observers in the country, with the advantage of his background is able to make some order out of the confusion and to indicate not only the immediate news events but also the possibilities of their establishing precedents which will have future affects. The lid was on pretty tight but Mr. Thompson manages to lift a corner.—The Editors.

IF THE Republican Convention of 1932 does not become historic, it certainly deserves to. It set a new standard and a new pace in conventions and especially in Republican conventions. It departed from the seasoned practice which steadily evolved from the helter-skelter assemblage of 1856 to the well-groomed disciplined army which dates from Mark Hanna in 1900, and which has had no deviation except in the Bull Moose convention of 1912. It is something altogether new; and this in spite of the fact, which may seem in conflict, that no convention has ever been so perfectly managed and so thoroughly run by a machine. The difference is in the make-up of the machine, its achievements, and its far-reaching future results. If it serves as a precedent, it will be that of a political revolution.

The crux was that Herbert Hoover reached out and made the convention his rubber stamp down to the smallest detail; and this does not mean Herbert Hoover the man but Herbert Hoover the syndicate. Hoover the man has no such Napoleonic genius. The men who surround and guide him, who rule in his name, and whose rule is checked only when Hoover the man balks at some detail in their agenda—they are for the purposes of this article "Herbert Hoover."

In the compass of this brief article it is not possible to produce itemized proof. A single illustration will have to serve. At the beginning of the year, and until it was well along, Hoover the man was where he was in 1928 on the prohibition question. Hoover the syndicate was not. Hoover the syndicate was aware that it was necessary to appease the wets. It finally made Hoover the man believe this, but he balked at any platform plank involving repeal or even that impossible because unconstitutional thing, "resubmission." As Hoover the man was to be the candidate and stand on that platform, Hoover the syndicate had to concede that point—and this phrase includes Hoover's own Cabinet as well as all his outside advisers.

On this question as on all others, the famous—and rightly famous—team-work and discipline of the Republican party came instantly into play. The convention showed signs of getting out of hand, and its restiveness was overcome about as a mutiny in the regular army would be. What is novel about this phase is that the steam roller was manipulated not by Senators or State bosses, but by President Hoover's own Cabinet, personally on the scene and not only directing everything but doing it from the platform, in the sight of all men. The Convention of 1920, which nominated Harding, was run by Senators, and there was growling in which Henry Watterson's ironic epithet, "the old grey wolves of the Senate," was revived to illustrate the power of experienced politicians over the people's delegates. But in 1932 the convention was run in a far more iron manner by men never before known as politicians on the grand scale, men like Secretaries Mills, Hyde, Doak, Hurley, and others. They ran it because they were the Hoover syndicate, or at least the officers of that syndicate.

It was a straight Republican convention, the first since 1908. The progressives, the insurgents, the liberals, the radicals, were absent—like Borah and Norris—or helpless and silent. Even Wisconsin had gone regular, and the few La Follettians in that delegation were censured by their fellow-Badgers for so mild an offense as sitting still when Hoover's name was being cheered. What a change from the days when the La Follettians ramped all over the convention hall.

The prohibition plank was no panic-stricken effort to dodge an issue. It was, on the contrary, the carefully worked-out product of weeks of labor by shrewd brains, confronted not with a theory but with a condition. It is equally unacceptable to drys like Dr. Clarence True Wilson and wets like Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler. But, whether wets acknowledge it or not, not only are there drys enough to change an election result, but also those drys are not hesitant to bolt. They are not confined to the South and parts of the West, either.

For example, one of the stock arguments for Governor Roosevelt's nomination by the Democrats is that in 1930 he carried "up-state," the Republican stronghold which has never voted Democratic since Grover Cleveland was elected Governor, and that therefore he is presumably very popular there. How did he capture "up-State"; Why, simply because the drys bolted the nomination of Charles H. Tuttle, a Republican wet, nominated a third candidate, voted for him, and the tremendous loss of votes to the Republicans elected Roosevelt. Otherwise he would have barely scraped through with the aid of Tammany Hall, as he did in 1928, or been defeated altogether.

This, remember, was in New York, a wet State. There were enough dry bolters to give Roosevelt a sounding but factitious majority. Pennsylvania, too, is wet, yet not long ago the Democratic candidate for Governor was John A. McSparran, driest of the drys, and Gifford Pinchot, a Republican dry, is Governor

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now. The State is wet, but there are hundreds of thousands of drys in it. It is needless to multiply instances; what the realists of the Hoover syndicate had to confront was the solid fact that a platform even half-way wet would jeopardize the election. On the other hand, it would be jeopardized if the prevailing wet sentiment were affronted. What came out of the melting-pot was no such feeble-minded mess as disappointed wets and drys are saying; it was adroit and thoughtful, in view of Scylla and Charybdis. Let it not be forgotten, either, that what the Hoover syndicate did produce was just as wet as Hoover the man would stand for; and he is the man who has to stand on that platform. It is asking a good deal of any man to ask him to be reasonable in the heat of a Presidential campaign, but considering the fact that Hoover has made a record as a dry and has heretofore had the dry support, it would be demanding too much of him to require him to somersault all of a sudden into even partial wetness.

It is true that his present position is not very noble, and that he could have avoided it if he had been a little more far-sighted and had not aligned himself with the drys so pronouncedly. But as he did, what more can he do than he has done to conciliate the wets without becoming that most abhorrent of Bunyan's characters, Mr. Facing-Both-Ways?

What Hoover (Hoover the syndicate) did at Chicago was to construct a new kind of machine. There is nothing new about the President having the veto on the convention; that is an old story. What is new is the construction of a machine which controls every detail of management and of policy, all in the President's name. The most extraordinary thing about it is that this overturn in political history occurs in the renomination of a President not at all forceful, a President lacking in initiative and with no fondness for a fight. The mystery disappears, however, if we distinguish between Hoover the man and Hoover the syndicate.

In some ways the disposition of the Southern problem was far more significant than the disposition of the prohibition question, though it has received much less attention. Here the dynamics of the Hoover syndicate would be plain to the nakedest of naked eyes, if everybody were not thinking so much more about prohibition. Several Southern states broke away from the Democratic party and voted for Hoover in 1928. It did not at all indicate any decrease in their traditional Democratic solidarity; the Cannons and Heflins are still Democrats. They bolted because Smith was a Catholic, just as the New York drys bolted Tuttle because he was a wet and yet remained Republican. But there were Republican rainbow-chasers who saw in the appearance of "Hoovercrats" like Thomas B. Love of Texas a break in the solid South to be fostered.

One of these rainbow-chasers was President Hoover. Believing that the South is ripe for Republicanism, he has spent three years in building up a new organization there to replace the old-timers. The old-timers regarded it with scorn, the more so as the fosterers of the new movement were not too kindly disposed toward the Negro voter, the mainstay of what Southern Republicanism there is. They called the fosterers "lily-whites" and "carpet-baggers."

Consequently there were contesting delegations at Chicago from the farther Southern States, delegations representing either the lily-whites or the black-and-tans (the name applied to the ancient Republican organization in the South, because it welcomes Negro votes). In the first days at Chicago the National Committee acted on these contests, and by an overwhelming vote threw out Mr. Hoover's new and shadowy organization and gave the right to sit in the Convention to the black-and-tans, including Joseph Tolbert of South Carolina (white) and Perry Howard of Mississippi (colored).

The Hoover syndicate got promptly to work. The new and shadowy organization was the President's own, and must be put in the seats of power. The Hoover syndicate seized possession of the Committee on Credentials, as of all other committees, reversed the action of the National Committee, threw out Tolbert and the other Southern old-timers, and seated the representatives of that new and nebulous organization of Mr. Hoover's which is to make the solid South Republican in some future time when rivers run up-hill.

But when its intention was broadcast, Robert R. Church of Memphis intervened. Mr. Church is a Negro, and he is a boss. Elections in Tennessee frequently go the way Mr. Church decrees, for he is entirely persona grata to the white Democrats of his part of the State. He is an extremely able man, never offensive, but when he says a thing he means it. Mr. Church let it be known that if the Hoover rainbow-chasers ousted the black-and-tans, the race issue would be raised, and raised on the floor of the Convention.

The Hoover syndicate knew Mr. Church. It knew what he meant; that the race issue would be raised against the Republican party in New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Indiana, Illinois and Ohio, and that in each of these States there are enough Negro voters to make Mr. Hoover's election—shall we say, difficult? There was a showdown; apparently Mr. Church was, as usual, not unreasonable; Tolbert was sacrificed, but Perry Howard and his Mississippians were seated. After all, it was they who represented the Negroes. It is laughable to read that Walter H. Newton, one of the President's secretaries, made the principal speech for Howard before the Credentials Committee, and the Permanent Chairman Snell was strong for him. Not long ago the Hoover rainbow-chasers were trying to send Howard to the penitentiary on charges that proved to be unfounded. Now they are for him. Nobody mentioned the name of Church of Tennesseee, but he must have indulged in a quiet smile.

This was the only setback to the Hoover steamroller. Church got what he wanted. Nobody else opposed to the Hoover syndicate did. Government by Cabinet, a new departure in the American system, is installed—that is, if Hoover is re-elected.

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REHABILITATING THE MASTER'S DEGREE

By ROY J. DEFERRARI

AT THE third annual conference of the Association of American Universities, held in February, 1902, Mr. H. S. White of Cornell University read a paper on "The Degree of Master of Arts" which gave rise to much discussion. Important papers on this same general subject were later presented at the annual conferences of the association, of the years 1910, 1927 and 1931. In addition, numerous articles regarding various phases of the Master's degree have appeared in the leading educational journals. From the beginning, however, the aim of the papers and discussions at the conferences of the association has been two-fold: to present an objective picture of the existing requirements for the Master's degree, and to offer recommendations which might bring some degree of uniformity out of the ever-prevailing chaos.

A glance at the proceedings of the association for 1902 and of those for 1931 shows that in spite of much discussion and much deploring, conditions have remained very much the same. No greater uniformity exists today among American universities in their requirements for the Master's degree than existed over thirty years ago, when the matter was first discussed before the association. For example, today, in the requirement of residence there is a university in the Middle West that makes it possible for an honor student to procure both the Bachelor's degree and the Master's degree at the end of eight semesters, the time usually required for the first degree alone, while several other institutions demand a minimum of two full academic years in residence, over and above that required for the Bachelor's degree. Some institutions confess to accepting even correspondence and extension courses as credit toward the degree. Several universities either do not require a thesis or regard it very lightly. Some require special written and oral examinations in addition to the regular examinations in course; others require none at all.

The main changes in the attitude of American universities toward the Master's degree may be summarized as follows: the degree is much more rarely given today *honoris causa* or merely for a nominal period of residence than it was formerly; the tendency to accept work in extension or by correspondence as fulfilling the course requirements seems to be spreading; there has developed a feeling in many quarters that training for research and training for scholarship are incompatible, and since nearly all of the applicants for the Master's degree intend to be teachers, the tendency has grown to eliminate the research element and to substitute professedly training courses for teachers.

Let so much suffice as a sketch of the existing state of things regarding the Master's degree. With a view to promoting discussion and to procuring a more effective Master's degree among our Catholic institutions of learning, I would in this paper present a personal opinion of the procedure which under present conditions could reasonably be put into effect and which would produce Masters best able to meet the duties required of them.

It is a fact that very nearly all candidates for the Master's degree today are preparing for the career of teaching. The important question is what kind of training, after the first degree has been obtained, trains best for teaching. Once this is determined, the working out of a program with the definite end in view is comparatively easy.

Training for teaching is training in thinking, because only if one can think well himself can he teach others so to think, and the ability to think, after all, is what all good teaching aims to achieve, be it in the kindergarten or in the university. Fundamental courses in education will undoubtedly help much, but they would be of no avail, were they not superimposed on a mind already capable of independent and accurate thought. Now there is no training so able to develop this power of sound thinking as that which actually guides a mind over unknown ground to new truths, and which is constantly calling the attention of the mind to the sources of truths and to how these truths are deduced from these sources. Thus I identify training in thinking with training in research, and this I recommend in varying measure, according to the degree in view, as the end of all training of teachers. To be sure, some are gifted with a natural common sense which enables them to think effectively without formal training, but such of course would only be the better thinkers, did they possess the advantages of systematic instruction.

The teachers of our high schools then should have the advantage of systematic training in research. An objection may be made that we do not want research specialists in our high school faculties but persons trained to teach. Such a statement is entirely devoid of understanding. It presumes first of all that scholarship in its true sense of specialization in research is incompatible with good teaching, and also that good teaching, i.e., the imparting not only of facts but better still the developing of the power to think, is usually found in a person who himself has not been trained to think.

The baccalaureate course has been called the period of training in general background. The Master's course represents to a certain extent a continuation of this same training, but chiefly a period of direct preparation for the research period which ordinarily leads to the doctorate. Thus students should not be admitted as candidates for the Master's degree if they are not

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capable by mentality and temperament of more detailed and deeper studies than they have performed in their work for the first degree, or if their training for the Bachelor's degree has been defective. The transcript of record and written testimonials will help greatly in determining this, but of greatest value are personal interviews. Even more careful examination should be made of those candidates who expect to do their work in short summer sessions, since they obviously will be laboring under the handicap of a very much broken period of study and must be the better prepared and fitted for the work in order to profit sufficiently by it.

At least one full academic year, over and above the regular four years of the Bachelor's degree, should be the residence requirement. Many students can achieve the desired end in five summer sessions, but it is to be hoped that Catholic institutions interested in graduate study may see their way clear to extend their summer sessions to at least nine weeks. In the latter case a minimum period of four summer sessions would suffice. Serious seminars can hardly be conducted within a period of six weeks. In any case, the period of residence should be long enough and continuous enough to enable the student to gain real profit from contact with scholars, select libraries, and also his fellows who are going through the same processes of mental development and who by interchanging experiences can be of great benefit to one another.

Neither courses by correspondence nor extension courses should be accepted as fulfilling any of the requirements. The reason for this is obvious. The principles of sound independent investigation cannot be imparted by the written word alone. The very essence of good instruction in graduate work is the personal direction of a student through the difficulties of an untrodden path of investigation. This is poles apart from the written instruction of a course by correspondence or the hurried and long interrupted instruction of the extension course.

As has been intimated above, all teaching even from the very beginning should have in it the spirit of research, that is, a desire to find truth. In the work for the Master's degree this thought should especially permeate every course, since this is the period of preparation for the actual discovery of new truths. Some courses will necessarily be largely the imparting of facts already discovered, with a view to widening the student's background of knowledge and conveying to him the results of the latest researches, but such courses should always bring out the sources of these facts. Careful distinction also should be made between facts and statements undeserving of the name fact. One or even two courses, morever, should be confined entirely to the search for facts. While it is not to be expected that a candidate for the Master's degree will contribute greatly to the sum total of human knowledge, it certainly is expected that he will learn the technique which will enable him to make an investigation worth while sometime thereafter. Obviously, if a person is preparing himself to become a school principal, or supervisor, or superintendent, he should take most of his courses in education, but I am treating here of the so-called "content subjects." Unless one is going to teach education, there is no justification in his specializing in the field, a rather common practice at present. He should specialize in the subjects which he must teach. A general course in education has been advocated by some for all candidates for the Master's degree who intend to teach, but, to my mind, of far greater value would be extensive observation of eminently successful teachers in the special subjects, and as much practice as possible under their supervision. In this work the close coöperation of the department of education would be highly desirable. There should be no fixed requirements of semester hours of credit, but each department of study should demand of its students such work as it considers necessary for the holder of a Master's degree in its field. The hunting for credits has done much to drag the Master's degree down to the level which it has reached in many of our colleges and universities.

Several of our greatest American universities do not require a thesis or dissertation of their candidates for the Master's degree. The justification usually given for this procedure is that the student in his several courses has to make a number of reports, any one of which, if somewhat extended and carefully polished, would be worthy to be a Master's thesis. It seems highly desirable, however, that the candidate be required to perform some original investigation even of a very restricted nature but in an approved, finished manner. In itself it may contribute little or nothing to what is already known, but as an exercise in methods of investigation it will be of great value. It will, moreover, especially by reason of the publicity which should be given to the thesis, contribute a great deal to maintaining the Master's course on a graduate level. At present, in many institutions the Master's dissertation is nothing more than a mosaic of other people's thoughts and phrases, often unworthy of a college undergraduate. The Master's dissertation should be retained as a requirement for the degree and should be regarded as a matter of serious importance by all concerned.

After the dissertation has been accepted, the candidate should be required to undergo a comprehensive written examination on all his work. This examination should cover in detail the courses pursued and should also include questions of a general nature on the entire department or departments of study. From the outset the candidate should be made properly aware of this requirement, and this probably more than any other element will help to abolish the present craze for credits. The present tendency is to take courses and in passing them individually to qualify for the degree, all of which but aggravates a very poor undergraduate mentality. Whether or not an oral

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examination is required matters little, provided the written examination is sufficiently searching.

Finally, I would consider briefly what institutions of learning should grant the Master's degree. At present, universities, colleges and theological seminaries are granting the degree. In the mad rush to fulfil the requirements of standardizing agencies, I fear that the Master's degree has suffered greatly, probably more than any other degree.

Any institution, regardless of its name, which would offer a worthy Master's degree, should first of all have a faculty whose members both have been truly trained in research and are themselves actively engaged in contributing to the sum total of human knowledge. This training, naturally, can come only from a course of study specifically designed to inculcate the principles and practices of research. The institution should have properly equipped laboratories and libraries. The laboratories should include special private laboratories for graduate students, with sufficient funds available to procure the necessary materials for a scientific study of the problems at hand. The libraries should not be mere collections, but rather well-selected groups of fundamental tools for research, including the back numbers and current issues of scientific periodicals, and again with sufficient funds for the purchase of such special works as may be necessary for the solution of problems.

Finally, such an institution should admit as candidates for the degree only well-trained students who, preferably, can give all their time to this one purpose, or, if working on a part-time basis, are able to care well for such work as they take.

The entire question of the Master's degree is a question of major importance to Catholic educators. This degree is rapidly becoming the universal minimum prerequisite for high school teaching. It cannot, therefore, be regarded lightly.

The welfare of our children in Catholic schools of itself should spur us on to make this degree as granted by Catholic institutions truly indicative of an advanced training for teachers. Then, too, let us not forget the club of the standardizing agencies which already has knocked into nothingness many of our Master's degrees. These standardizing agencies have in the main been justified in their action. Our attitude toward them should not be one of evasion or of a desire merely to satisfy their requirements. Our own conception of the proper curriculum for the Master's degree should be so far above the standard requirements that we should never need fear inspection or supervision.

A leading educator of one of our state universities said recently regarding the Master's degree:

> We cannot take too seriously the importance of the profession of teaching, if we are to take seriously the future of the American experiment in democracy. It is not alone the personnel in the score or more large universities that counts. More important to the welfare of the state is the personnel of the thousands of secondary schools of this country—the teachers whose duty to youth is to declare the things of life as the dawn first glows with the coming day. It is vital that we lead to the staffs of our public and private schools of all grades the highest type of men and women—persons of ambition, scholarship and sterling, virile character—and that we continually shunt away from this profession the weaklings we cannot trust with great duties. A part—perhaps a large part—of this responsibility leads back eventually to the institutions of higher learning. The standards and attainments required for the degree primarily sought by teachers is not a matter of indifference.

Can Catholic educators regard the training for the Master's degree with any less concern? We have always been seriously interested in the development of character in our children. We have not, I believe, been sufficiently aware of the important part which the secondary school teacher should play in developing the thinking process and habits of study, and in laying the foundation of knowledge so important for the university where our leaders are to be molded.

None of our seminaries should grant the Master's degree. They have an objective which is fundamentally important in itself, and they should not be distracted by a work which is quite different and which they are not ordinarily equipped to perform. A few of our colleges might be able to give worthy Master's degrees in a single department or two, but it is not desirable since, as in the case of the seminary, their attention would thus be distracted from their own special sphere of work. The universities—and only properly qualified universities—should train teachers for the Master's degree. This is their work.

Advice to a Young Farmer

Build your house upon a rise,
Make friends with your arms and thighs.

Dig your spring below a pine,
Plant a morning-glory vine.

Have your bedroom face the dawn,
Have windows with no curtains on.

Though fields lie ready cleared a score,
Cut thickets down and make one more.

Sleep an hour in the sun,
Talk to your cows when milking's done.

By all that's good, be much alone,
Use no man's plow-horse but your own.

Plow as soon as hylas peep,
Mow before the crickets cheep.

Never hope to rise in life
Until you have brought home your wife.

Never trust your corn to grow
Before you have a son or so.

There is no rain to match a mother,
Sons and seeds help on each other.

ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN.

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CULTURE COMES TO THE POTOMAC

By OLIVER McKEE, JR.

VISITORS to the youthful republic of America a century ago found the capital a straggling, overgrown village, ill-lighted and ill-paved. A rough and tumble inn or two offered a meager hospitality to the traveler. The White House, the Capitol and a few public buildings lent a feeble distinction to what was still a frontier town. If the visitor from the Old World were seeking the centers of arts and letters, he looked for them elsewhere—in old Boston town, in New York, in leisurely Philadelphia or even in proud and aristocratic Charleston. When they staked out their plan for the nation's capital, George Washington and Pierre Charles L'Enfant may have dreamed splendid dreams of the city of tomorrow; but for many a long and dreary decade, Washington was merely the political capital of the country, and a rather empty one at that. It was a place where congressmen, office-seekers and spoilsmen could hang up their hats and tarry a while. Scant indeed were the contributions of learning and the fine arts.

Paris, London, Madrid and Vienna are at once the seat of government and the cultural capitals of France, Great Britain, Spain and Austria. The British Museum and the National Gallery are as great a magnet to the visitor to London as the Houses of Parliament and Buckingham Palace; in Paris, the Louvre and the Sorbonne surpass in importance the Quai d'Orsay and the Senate Chamber. But in Washington, until recently, the Capitol, the White House and the government departments and bureaus were the major objectives of the sightseer, just as the showy apparatus of government, the presidential, diplomatic and Cabinet dinners and receptions dominated the social life of the capital, to the subordination, if not the exclusion, of the life of arts and letters.

A vast and fundamental change is now under way. Daniel Webster, Andrew Jackson, John Quincy Adams and other worthies who knew the frontier capital a century ago, would doubtless rub their eyes at the physical expansion of the agencies of the federal government, and would be even more surprised at the cultural advances made. The scholar now sits down at the table with the politician; science competes with politics; and the Shakespearian scholar mingles in social life with the machine boss, party politician or office-seeker.

The change has not occurred overnight. Washington never barred its gates to the literati and the erudite, and others than politicians have found its climate a not inhospitable one. Walt Whitman, Thomas Nelson Page, Henry Cabot Lodge, Theodore Roosevelt, Jusserand, James Bryce, Henry Adams and others have tended the light of learning in the capital city. Scholars, however, have had to be content with minor places in the picture; government and politics and, in recent years, real estate have been in the foreground until now. The city has had much the appearance of a vast lodging-house. Administrations have come and gone, and the turn over in both the executive and legislative branches of the government has always been large. Though rich men have accepted federal appointments aplenty, and have sought places in the House and Senate, their roots and interests have still been in their home states and cities. If they have built up an art collection, or a library of historical documents, the beneficiary has invariably been the city where they made their fortune, rather than the capital, in which they have taken up only a transient's residence.

More than one factor has played a part in the evolution of Washington into a great center of learning and of science. One is the expansion in the scope of federal activities, an expansion specially marked since the turn of the century. In the days of Andrew Jackson, when a change of administration was followed by almost a clean sweep of office personnel, the government had few employees who might be classed as members of the learned professions. Today, an army of scientists work for Uncle Sam—five thousand or more—most of them holders of postgraduate degrees, biologists, chemists, botanists, foresters, geologists, physicists and so on. Few American universities, if any, have on their faculties a quarter of the number of scientists employed by the Department of Agriculture alone.

The scientist has no interest per se in the ebb and flow of party warfare, in the ping pong game between Messrs. Fess and Shouse and their publicity men. He does not have to contribute to the party chest to keep his job. His eyes are fixed on his test tubes, his charts, his books; here are his interests, and here lie his hopes for fame. The presence in Washington of this great army of investigators, enormously increased during the past few decades would in itself have made the capital one of our great centers of scientific research. Staffed by hundreds of scientists, the Bureau of Standards is just starting on its second quarter-centruy. The Forest Service is not must older, and it is within the past thirty years that the Department of Agriculture has expanded so largely its scientific services to the American farmer.

Nationalism is another factor that has contributed to the development of a larger Washington. A doughboy from Texas who had never before gone a day's ride from the banks of the Rio Grande may have stopped off on leave during the war to see Washington, and experienced the thrill of the discoverer. What previously had been an abstract entity became a definite reality; his capital was an extension of himself,

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the embodiment in bricks and stone of the national ideal. The war brought many changes; not the least of these was the breaking down of the barriers of sectionalism. Since 1917, reflecting the national interest and pride in the capital, Congress has voted tens of millions of dollars for the improvement of Washington, pouring out money with a lavish hand for new buildings, parks, avenues, memorials and statues. At this writing a gigantic public buildings program is under way. When completed, the frontier atmosphere of Pennsylvania Avenue, from the Treasury to the Capitol, will have become a thing of the past. In its place will be row upon row of magnificent public buildings, the fulfilment in part of the promises made by Coolidge, Hoover and Mellon to make Washington the finest capital in the world.

Of the attractions that have beckoned scholars to Washington the Library of Congress is the greatest single magnet. Under the wise direction of Herbert Putnam it has become one of the world's primary centers of scholarship, covering practically every branch of learning. Its collections of prints, documents and original papers are of prime importance to the investigator of original sources in both American and European history. Its collections of Russian and Chinese literature have no rival outside of Russia and China respectively. Especially worthy of note have been the recent endowment of chairs in American history, the fine arts and other fields of scholarly endeavor. Through these chairs the government has been able to obtain specialists competent to render the public a unique service, namely, to interpret the collections and to assist research workers. The Library touches the frontiers of knowledge at so many points, its collections are so valuable and so varied, the facilities for research work under its hospitable roof are so admirable, that the Library has brought to Washington scholars from far and wide.

This, however, tells but part of the story. In preference to any other city, Charles L. Freer of Detroit chose Washington as the home for his magnificent art collections. The Corcoran Gallery and several other collections give Washington a place of growing importance among the art centers of the country. A few years ago Mrs. Frederick Coolidge gave the Library of Congress a Music Foundation, and this year, thanks to public-spirited support of a group of its citizens, Washington is enjoying its own Symphony Orchestra.

Another milestone in the development of Washington as a center of culture and scholarship is marked by the completion of the Folger Shakespeare Library. With its unrivaled collections of original folios, commentaries and other aids to research, its work-rooms for scholars, its own Elizabethan theater, the Folger Library should become the one essential center of Shakespearian research, both here and abroad.

Turning once more to the field of science, Washington was selected as the home of both National Academy of Science and the National Research Council. Virtually every branch of science is represented in them; what is more, men at the top of their profession in our universities come to the National Research Council for periods of two, three or four years, to take charge of research projects which the council has under way. Visiting scientists find in the capital many things of professional interest. The collections of the Smithsonian and National Museums are of prime importance.

Nearly every government department has its special library; many of these are of fundamental value to investigators in these fields. The Carnegie Institution contributes much to science and research. Congress recently established the National Health Institute in Washington. Here, too, are the headquarters of the Gorgas Memorial Institute. Significant of the trend is the fact that the Brookings Institute, one of the great coöperative research bodies in the United States, chose the capital at its home. Housed in a new building overlooking historic Lafayette Square, it speaks eloquently of the spirit of the new Washington, a city of scholars and scientists, as well as legislators, administrators and politicians.

Civic and learned organizations almost without number have selected Washington as their national headquarters. The full list would be as formidable as Homer's catalogue of the ships in the "Iliad." To mention only a few. Here we find the American Association of University Professors, the American Council of Learned Societies, the American Federation of Fine Arts, the American Historical Association, the American Association for the Advancement of Science, the National Education Association, the American Institute of Architects, the National Geographic Society, the American Mining Congress, the Red Cross, the Pan-American Union, the Carnegie Peace Endowment, the American Peace Society and others. Most of these groups not only add their quota to the ranks of the capital's savants, but each has a contribution to make to the intellectual resources of the city, and to the apparatus of learning and research.

Though Washington has yet to boast a Columbia, a Harvard, a University of Chicago or a Yale, its educational institutions already enjoy much more than a local reputation—Georgetown, George Washington, the Catholic University of America, the American University and others. One or more of these may develop in the next half-century into a great national university. As a publishing center, the capital has no more than a minor importance as yet—if we except government publications. Yet in molding public opinion no other city, not even New York, wields a greater influence. For Washington is the post of duty for three or four hundred correspondents accredited to the seat of the government as the ears and eyes of newspapers from all parts of the country, and of the great press associations. The corps of Washington correspondents is a good deal larger than it was before the war, and is still growing. Interpreting as they do the march

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of events not only in politics but in economics and, to some extent, in international affairs, the influence of its journalists reaches far afield, wherever American newspapers are read.

Washington also is the happy hunting ground of the biographer; no city can boast as rich source material for the biographers of America's great as are in its archives. The editors of the "Dictionary of American Biography," the most ambitious undertaking of the kind ever launched by American scholars, chose Washington as their headquarters. Many a retired university professor, with the freedom to carry on a research project for the first time since he began teaching, has repaired to the capital. Here, too, many retired diplomats make their homes, some merely to enjoy the company of other cosmopolites, others to write their memoirs, do historical research or pursue like interests. After they have turned their backs to the tumult of active politics, congressmen and senators, in goodly numbers, elect Washington as their permanent home, and if one wants to prepare a treatise on government, or write a book on some phase of American history, he could want no better workshop.

Washington may not yet be the cultural capital of the United States, as Paris is of France, and London is of England, but it is becoming one of our great centers of learning and culture. It is already a scientific and research center of the first order, it has made measurable progress in the fine arts, and it has long been the home of writers. Politics no longer rules supreme; it must divide honors with scholarship and science. A real capital is in the making on the Potomac, one worthy of a people that generously contributes to universities, art galleries and foundations.

RESEARCH AND THE PROFESSOR

By SISTER MARY ELLEN O'HANLON

IN THE present dissatisfaction and experimentation with college curricula, methods of instruction and the like, there are some who seem to be of the opinion that a research worker and a good instructor are two distinct individuals. Different points of view upon a debatable subject will always force the deduction of conclusions quite at variance with each other but with, however, a considerable element of truth in each, dependent upon the experience of the critic and the breadth of his horizon. It is, then, safer and more fair at least to consider carefully the verdict of one whose experience exceeds in point of time and variety that of another whose retrospect is more limited and whose personal contacts with a subject have been fewer and less varied.

In the matter of college teaching or, preferably, directing the young person who has come up to the college level has had his share of elementary and preparatory instruction, and should be equipped to take direction, without so much of the spoon-feeding that some educators seem to think requisite to good college work. It is neither desirable nor feasible that only personal direction be given in college instruction, but such courses as are offered should provide amply for the development of initiative and give scope for individual achievement. Nor am I endeavoring to lighten the burden of the college instructor, for it is indeed a much greater task to direct the efforts and to supervise the progress of a group of stumbling, groping, more or less bewildered college freshmen, for instance, by giving them individual attention, than it is to conduct class exercises with method and content but a few rounds above the high school plane. But when one compares the results and the effect of the two lines of procedure upon the individual students, he must be convinced that the latter makes for a "credit-collector," the retailer of a few uncertain facts, more or less parrot fashion, while the former makes for an independent worker and—if but a fair amount of mental endowment is present—even a budding scholar.

But what has all of this to do with the college professor? Simply this, that the college profesor who is not at the same time an investigator, a searcher for truth, does not exist as such. He or she may be employed as a member of a college or even a university faculty, but is only nominally filling that position. To make scholars of young people, they must be given the tools, the mechanics, the technique and, most of all, the inspiration to become such. One cannot give that which he himself does not possess. If there is one place more than another where example is a greater influence than precept, it is in this matter of college-professor activity. Children are great imitators. Here is a case where the normal child never grows up. Every college student, even a freshman, is interested in a problem which is being solved right under his eye. Such activity arouses his curiosity, challenges his ambition, and promotes a much stronger desire to undertake a similar project than the reading of any amount of elaborate descriptions of solutions of like problems from books. Verily, the college professor who is not at the same time a research student, is a misfit.

The research worker may or may not be a good instructor, depending upon whether he has the personality, the knack and the patience to teach others; but the college instructor who solves no problems cannot hope to promote the desire for something foreign to his own interests.

But the objection may be made that there is not sufficient time for research in the crowded programs of some members of our college faculties. If there

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is not the time for independent investigation and deep study along the lines of the subject-matter presented, then there is not sufficient time for the necessary class preparation which should be given by any conscientious college instructor. All will agree that ample and proportionate time must be devoted to preparation of the subject-matter. Is all of this to be merely the delving after and the restating of what others have said and done as detailed in books? The kind and amount of individual effort made by any college instructor in the preparation of any course will determine its scope and content. Therefore, if the instructor makes no personal explorations or discoveries, the course must be more or less circumscribed and compartment-tight. The inspiration of the teacher, his enthusiasm and his real personal interest in the subject he is trying to present, are vital elements essential to really successful contact between master and pupil, but they are second-rate factors.

Nor is it sufficient that the successful college professor be one who has at some time or other in his life completed a piece of investigation which merited some distinction. In order that he may the better fulfil his duties as college instructor, he must continue to carry on in the search after truth in whatever field he proposes to guide and direct others on the road to scholarship. Indeed, according to our present standards and requirements, the one who rises to professorial rank must have done research, in amount, at least, to that which is required for the Ph. D. But this type of research is not essentially the kind that is done for the pure joy of it and for no other reward than the satisfaction of the results obtained. In fact, the amount and temper of serious investigations made subsequently to the completion of the candidacy for the doctorate, are probably a fair index of the ambition and enthusiasm aroused in the work done as a candidate. Moreover, the research accomplished in satisfaction of the requirement for any higher degree is not altogether independent or spontaneous effort on the part of the student; for this work is done under the direction of a faculty member who assumes with his institution responsibility for the results. Briefly, research work in fulfilment of the requirement for a degree is merely a preparation for scholarly achievement which should follow.

Some may argue that in preparation for class and lecture work, they are continually assembling data and collecting facts relative to their subjects. Is not this research work? It is, to be sure, a kind of research work, but unless the matter assembled is put into finished form as for publication, it is most incomplete. When a builder has collected stones, bricks, lumber and other building materials, one might say that he is well on the way to a construction, but before the edifice is complete and will bear inspection, there will be many difficulties and setbacks caused by architects, contractors, mechanics, artizans, workmen and others. It is just so with a worth-while piece of investigation. There is any amount of sifting, comparing, consultation of literature pertinent to the subject, trimming, pruning, weighing and measuring, so to speak, before the author dare submit the results to a critical public. This part of the work is by no means the least valuable to the end of scholarship. It is plain that a good deal of this kind of experience is an essential part of the training for the director of the aspiring scholar and, therefore, for the college professor.

The college professor who offers no genuinely scholarly solution of problems in his chosen field may be likened to the platform speaker who gives a travel talk upon lands and countries which he has never visited personally. It is quite possible that, with the help of books, study, maps and pictures, he may give a good and interesting talk—perhaps even better than one who is a perfect globe-trotter—but everyone knows that travel and study combined would improve the lecture.

If it is granted that the work of the colleges of letters, arts and sciences is to train in the fundamentals requisite to true scholarly achievement, then it must be agreed that the directors in these institutions should steep themselves in those things which make for genuine scholarship and the dissemination of truth. This is accomplished through the kind of application generally known as research work.

FROM A PREP SCHOOL

By MICHAEL EARLS

TEARS and smiles hover around an old album of autographs. The various tidbits of script, even when cacographic, serve as positive evidence for memories to lean upon with assurance. Memory, unless it be as glib as Macaulay's, may grow modest and diffident after two or three decades of strenuous accumulations; and it is apt to feel indistinct, mayhap uncertain, especially if its records of the bread-and-butter items of daily life have been amassed with the agility and pressure of a comptometer. Fond memory, believe a tender poet, brings the light of other days around us: yet the data in an autograph album, assembled with playful enthusiasm in a prep school, will supply the oil and trim the wick for the light of fond memories.

Adages from the Old World warned us that written things last. "Scripta manent" is a notice, think, that was not intended to be a caution against the blackmailers of the post-Reformation deformations, nor even a warning against calumnious tendencies in the writing of history—those agents of false propaganda, those malignant ulcers of the pen, as the graphic Latins of long ago termed the *cacoethes scribendi*. Let me recall, however, that our headmaster had observed occasionally that many a pompous "researcher" had mistaken legends in Boccaccio and in Rabelais for history, and the rhetoric of Carlyle and the spleen of Voltaire for philosophy. And as if to demonstrate that he cherished a remark of one of our teachers, a fellow prep wrote in my little album, "Remember! Macaulay's history in his story."

It must not be deemed pedantic that tyros in studies and in thought were prone to set down thoughtful and studied statements, gnomic sayings, as it were, from the old Greek stoics. In that decade of enjoyable yesterdays, the studious fledglings found more lasting appreciations from some fertile passage in a book than the young disciples of the radio today procure from

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the current ballyhoo-who's-who. If a stage of sophistication around us today laughs at those simple Simons of Then, in what accents should we describe the smart Alecks of Now? Boys in the prep school at the beginning of this century were just as gay and giddy as our youthful contemporaries in the present much-ado-about-nothing of our sporadic educationalisms. "Multum non multa" was a prescription whacked into our classes: and fourteen-year-old Eric R. of Prince Edward Island wrote it laughingly over his autograph in the album. Finally, upon this point, without venturing on a fulsome laudation of everything in time past, it can be said (deans in colleges are saying it) that the earlier ABC's in prepdom looked into worthy books as sedulously as their successors scan the covers of ephemeral magazines and tune in on the cacklings of XYZ's.

Those antecedent days and ways, however, kept the young disciples of the times *au courant* with the best. Here is a page in the album that records the "hopeful wishes" of a Latin classmate, a boy from Missoula, Montana (who can forget that musical, iambic address!); and his extra-curriculum activities, so to speak, were entirely devoted to the oratory of a United States Senator of that time, Senator Murphy of New York. And here is an autograph of one from "up-state" New York whom we dubbed "David B. Hill," because, in all licit moments of talk inside and outside of the school, this young aspirant for a national toga revealed that he was already taking the strides with his Capitol hero. One needed not to be a prophet or scion of prophetic line to feel that N. F. V., a boy still in his teens, all the way from Louisiana, was hoping that we would receive the call, when he wrote that we should be good soldiers of the Lord; for this Louisiana Nicholas placed his autograph beneath a Pauline sentence to Timothy: "Labora sicut bonus miles Christi Jesu." Yet no conjectural power would forecast the episcopal dignities that were to come to two of our classmates, two brothers who are now bishops in North America. One of these brothers wrote in the scurrying album a verse about an ideal girl, while the other chose for his "sentiment" a verse from Boyle O'Reilly:

> "A man will trust another man, and show
> His secret thought and act, as if he must;
> A woman—does she tell her sins? Ah, no!
> She never knew a woman she could trust."

And of the light hearts in that group of signatories, it is a pleasure to recall Jimmy L. of, or near, Machias, Maine, and his constant laughter, even as he cited a verse from Oliver Wendell Holmes:

> "We leave like those volcanic stones
> Our precious Alma Mater;
> But we'll keep dropping in again
> To see the dear old crater."

Quite naturally and without pedantry, these young romanticists at school bethought themselves of some judicious utterance when they were petitioned for an autograph souvenir. Readily could little E. C. from the Rue Vaugirard in Paris say that death is preferable to disgrace, and say it in Latin: "Potius mori quam foedari." And another illustration along this line, worth repeating in full extent, is a thoughtful passage from Faber which the thoughtful A. W. M. (not yet in his vigesimal year but, before his death, rector of the cathedral in St. John, New Brunswick) wrote in characterful script: "There is seldom a line of glory written upon the earth's face, but a line of suffering runs parallel with it; and they who read the lustrous syllables of the one, and stoop not to decipher the spotted and worn inscription of the other, get the least half of the lesson the earth has to give."

So these dear lads were men, though they were boys. And I may here recall an apt remark that was thrust into my face a few years later when I was journeying in Oxford. When in a too facile American manner making some inquiries of a dealer in photographs on High Street there, I referred to Oxonians as "Oxford boys," that proprietor and salesman of photographs immediately and sternly replied, "Young man, never speak of Oxford students as boys, no matter how young they may be; they are always men; but at Eton or Harrow you must call the students boys no matter how old they are." The Oxford poets have frequently glanced back at that "manliness" among their fellow students. Mr. Belloc sings, "God be with you, Balliol men." And Milnes says of the "Men of Old":

> "Blending their souls' sublimest needs
> With thoughts of every day,
> They went about their daily deeds
> Like noble boys at play."

Our elders, too, in the school condescended to contribute to our—shall I say our youthful?—sentimentalities. Father Arthur Barry O'Neil was one of our masters, and his verse and prose, so constant in the *Ave Maria,* invited our young eyes and hearts to marvel (marvel is the very word). Since Father O'Neil was a propagandist of walking, he quoted a rhyme to go above his signature:

> "After breakfast, walk a mile,
> After dinner, rest awhile,
> After supper, sit and smile."

But around that signature is a note to recall a characterization about Father O'Neil. He once gave us a very brilliant address on music, an earnest eulogy on the celestial vocalities and the intricate skill and technique of instrumentalities, and after an emphatic quotation from Shakespeare about the "savage breast" that does not love music, he thrilled our awed auditory with his eloquent sentences on the cultural and ethical values of good music. Well, shortly afterward he was singing a high Mass. Hs spirit was willing, but his tunefulness was more than weak: his rythms were neither Gregorian nor sixth-century Gaelic, they were in no "mode"; he chanted every syllable, but the notes must have arisen from those cracks between the black and the white keys on an organ. Ah, the celestial music in the oration! Alas, the terrestrial limitations of the voice! And it was not lacking reverence to write beneath his autograph in the little album a sentence from one of Lamb's essays: "Sentimentally I am disposed to harmony; organically I am incapable of a tune."

Another of the beloved masters was the Reverend William C. Gaynor, scholar and gentleman, but not a humorist, though we dubbed him "Bill Nye": for from the neck up, even to the actual number of hairs on his head, he was a living replica of Bill Nye, one of the platform humorists of the time. Father Gaynor moved like a Wordsworthian phantom of delight among us; his whispers were eloquent, whether he read to us from Edmund Spenser or Mark Twain. And if we considered him a mediaevalist in a prep school reclusorium, it was because we had a rumor that he was an anonymous contributor to the leading American magazines, and "Canoeing on the Miramachi" was but one of his several volumes. His script in the album remains, clear in its easy beauty; the initials, too, of a scrawl which I set under his name twelve years ago: "R. I. P."

Fittingly a verse from Charles Lamb moves into this line:

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"I have had playmates, I have had companions,
In my days of childhood, in my joyful school-days;
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces."

Other autographs have been attached to the interstices, the lacunae of the album; but these are of later vintage, at college, memorable, indeed, for the simple incidents that engendered them. One for instance: Paul Dana. When as a daring collegian I wrote a verse at the death of "Dana of the New York *Sun*," Paul Dana nicely replied, "I am keeping the sonnet for the pleasure of my mother." Another, dearest of all: the exquisite "sign-manual," as she termed an autograph, of Louise Imogen Guiney, so gracious, so humble in writing to a mere college boy. And the faithful words of that far-off assurance above her name may be repeated as a truth also about a little album of autographs, "Very faithfully yours."

COMMUNICATIONS

PILGRIMS

Danbury, Conn.

TO the Editor: In a recent exchange of "Letters to the Editor" in the daily press, one writer made the statement that the idea of the first settlers of Maryland being Catholic pilgrims or any kind of pilgrims was "fallacious." American history has bestowed the title of Pilgrims upon the little band of English Separatists who landed somewhat unexpectedly on New England's "stern and rockbound coast" on a bleak November day in 1620, and this title has clung to them ever since. It has therefore been difficult to give the name of Pilgrims to any other group of colonists, and the writer of the letter above referred to is one of many who deem it quite presumptuous to attempt to do so. "The men of the Maryland settlement," said John Fiske, "also called themselves like those of Plymouth, 'Pilgrims,' but the name had not come to them by such arduous experience and it has not attached itself to their descendants" ("An English Nation," *Harper's Magazine*, April, 1883).

Although the colonists under the first Lord Baltimore had an arduous experience in their first attempt at settlement on the bleak coast of Newfoundland, the group which came over to Maryland under the auspices of the second Lord Baltimore did have the better fortune to find homes in a more equable climate, and made their landing in the early spring instead of early winter. This difference alone, however, would not seem sufficient to deny to the first settlers of Maryland the right at least to share the name of Pilgrims. The first settlers of both Massachusetts and Maryland had come to America seeking religious liberty and freedom from persecution. The English Catholics, however, had suffered more from persecution than had the Puritans, and this was one of the reasons perhaps why those who embarked on the Ark and the Dove had a broader conception of the ideal of religious freedom than those who came on the Mayflower, and why the lesson of their undertaking has a really greater significance in history. The Maryland colonists did not deny to others the right that they had sought and gained for themselves.

As a matter of fact, neither the voyagers on the Mayflower nor those on the Ark and the Dove come within the strict dictionary definition of the word "pilgrim," as being those who journey on foot to some sacred place from religious motives; but in a broader sense both groups were pilgrims. There can be no denying the fact that religious motives were dominant in both migrations. Some recent writers have seriously contended that the coming to America of the Pilgrims from Holland was purely a commercial enterprise; that these English Separatists had found in Holland the religious sanctuary and freedom from persecution they sought, but that, bowed down as they were by poverty, it was to better their material condition (and that solely) that they migrated to America. While this is true to an extent, it is not the whole truth. They were under a foreign rule, strangers in a strange land, their children were being led away from the faith of their fathers, intermarrying with their neighbors; and they saw the danger, if they stayed in Holland, of finally losing their nationality, their language and their faith. (Howe, "The Puritan Republic," page 3). So it was they sought an asylum in America where they would be free to worship God in their own fashion, remain English subjects, and keep their nationality, their language and their faith.

With the strong religious background of the voyage of the Ark and the Dove, the effect of Lord Baltimore's conversion to the Catholic faith on his plans of colonization and the solemn dedication of the Maryland project by Father White, in his "Declaratio Coloniae," to the cause of the Christian religion, it is idle to contend that the religious motive was not the dominant factor in the first migration to Maryland. Those who came on the Ark and the Dove to Maryland came on a pilgrimage to a land of sanctuary, where the hand of persecution was stayed, where conversion was not forced and where there was no attempted cure of heresy by rack or gallows. On the wooded bluff of St. Mary's in the year 1634 nearly three hundred years ago, religious liberty found its first home in America; and here is hallowed ground. The first settlers of Maryland chose to call themselves the Pilgrims of St. Mary's, and by this name they are entitled to be known.

J. Moss Ives.

THE BELLARMINE SOCIETY

Oklahoma City, Okla.

TO the Editor: I read with interest Theodore A. Thoma's letter in the March 16 issue of THE COMMONWEAL regarding the Bellarmine Society of Cincinnati. This letter telling of a class of laymen studying to fit themselves to answer readily any objection put to them about the doctrines and practices of the Church, ends on this note: "Whether they will ever go on public platforms is not a consideration at this time; the plan is to prepare for such an eventuality."

Perhaps Mr. Thoma and other of your readers may be interested to learn that down here in the Southwest street-talking has already been inaugurated. And—judging from the size of the audiences and the number of inquiries put to the speakers after each talk—with signal success. Although the street-talking at present is being done by two priests of the city, it is planned that laymen will eventually take it over. With this object in view, a class in evidence is now being held weekly, which both men and women attend.

This idea of carrying the truths of religion to the man in the street took definite form here last October following the visit of Francis Sheed, head of the Catholic Evidence Guild of England. Mr. Sheed had met one of the Oklahoma City priests, the Reverend Stephen A. Leven, five years ago in London before the latter's ordination. It was at that time that the young embryo priest got practical experience in speaking out-of-doors under the auspices of the English Guild. Mr. Sheed urged Father Leven to start the Guild here, saying that Oklahoma was the logical place in which to test the work in America.

But it was not until April that Father Leven, joined by an-

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other city priest, the Reverend Victor Reed, started talking on the street. Monday evening, April 11, Father Leven gave the first talk on the courthouse lawn. Standing on a plain board platform, the young priest began with "Come Holy Ghost," and then in a conversational tone told the little group of people before him that this was the first of a series of talks that would be given on the Catholic Church. That they were not intended to bring people into the Church, but merely to explain the Church to the people so that prejudice might be lessened and intercourse between Catholics and their neighbors made more friendly. In a brief manner he outlined the principal doctrines of the Church. As he talked the crowd increased, and by the time he had finished and asked if there were any questions, there were about a hundred listeners. A dozen questions were asked before the hour was up and the meeting brought to an end.

The next Monday evening there was a larger crowd gathered to hear Father Reed, and the questions were more numerous. And each succeeding Monday has seen an increase in attendance, until at present the crowd has grown to four or five hundred.

This is not preaching, and it is very far from anything like ranting. There is so much sincerity in the quiet tones of the young priests who give these outdoor talks that they quite definitely nip any suggestion of sensationalism.

There was no ballyhooing either before or after these talks commenced. And the resulting publicity has come from the newspapers, themselves, who have found in this revival of an ancient method of instruction, legitimate news for their readers.

One announcement made at a federal labor meeting, and a card placed at the Salvation Army rooms, have brought to the meetings the type of persons that they were designed to reach—those who are not contacted through church services or radio lectures. They have proved a well-behaved audience, even going so far as to remove their hats during the opening and closing prayer. Their contrast with the often ill-mannered London audience described by Mr. Sheed is marked. It would seem that the average American of this class is less belligerent than his cockney brother.

While others are looking on with interest, already enthusiasm has affected two more priests in the more isolated parts of the state, and starting at the town square of Mangum, the Reverend Michael Coleman, and the Reverend John McGinn, C.S.P., are now talking every Saturday afternoon at various towns in southwestern Oklahoma.

It is hoped that from this simple beginning there will evolve a group of well-trained laity able to carry on the work started by these zealous priests.

NANO CHEATHAM.

THE AMERICAN NOVEL

Webster Groves, Mo.

TO the Editor: The Fifth Annual Contest of the International Mark Twain Society will be for the best letter of approximately a thousand words on the subject, "What I Consider the Most Representative American Novel from 1900 to 1931 inclusive, and Why."

The letters will be judged on three points: the reasons given, the literary quality of the letter, and the novel chosen. The best letter will receive $20.00, and the three next best, a book. The judges will be Hamlin Garland, Temple Bailey and Joseph Hergsheimer.

All contributions must reach us by August 15, 1932.

CYRIL CLEMENS,
The International Mark Twain Society.

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THE NEGRO CHALLENGES CATHOLICISM

St. Paul, Minn.

TO the Editor: The three articles on the Negro which have appeared in THE COMMONWEAL are indeed revelations. THE COMMONWEAL, as usual, opens the case.

It is no secret that the Negro has been somewhat counted out of the average Catholic's reckonings, the reasons for which Father Gillard has well indicated; but I venture to say that it has been little known to what extent he has been overlooked.

One may hope that Father Gillard's exposition of the case will call forth some prompt and definite action—Catholic Action.

In "Christ Our Brother" by Karl Adam is a passage which, I think, might furnish some food for reflection anent the Negro. And, by the way, it might stir some of us out of our complacency to read the book. But here is the passage:

"Whatever part of the liturgy we examine, we find Christ represented as our Head Who binds us together into one whole and offers us with thanksgiving to His Father. We are continually brought back to that fundamental attitude which is indicated in the ancient formula 'through Christ our Lord.'

"It is none of my business to inquire whether we have actually in our current practice exhausted the immense possibilities of this substantial prayer, or have not rather dug for ourselves various trivial and paltry cisterns, although we had in our dogma and in our liturgy rich wells of the water of life. Yet I wonder if we are not ourselves responsible for the fact that in many regions of devotional life there seems to be little appreciation of the inmost treasure of Christianity, of its truest glory and strength. Has not that Christianity which we plant and water become variously a weary, wilted morose Christianity, and not a victorious and glad Christianity? Do we Catholics really feel and realize that holy unity and sacred fellowship whose Head is Christ, or are we not isolated and separated one from another, forming all too often no more than an external organization? I see but one road to renewal, and that is the road which both dogma and liturgy point out to us, and of which we ourselves shall be daily reminded, as often as we pray 'through Christ our Lord.'"

CHARLES MANNING.

INDIFFERENT CITIZENS

Brooklyn, N. Y.

TO the Editor: Service as an inspector of elections on my local board in this city, and some observation, have raised doubts in my mind as to the possibility of obtaining good government in the near future. I think it is safe to say most citizens are indifferent to their voting responsibilities. Particularly is this true of citizens in cities. This is due in great part to the fact that comparatvely few people pay local taxes directly because of the preponderance of tenants in the community. It seems almost impossible to interest individuals in the movement against extravagant and corrupt local government unless they pay taxes directly through the ownership of real estate.

Vast improvements are authorized, hordes of employees are added to the payroll and useless bureaus are created without objection from any considerable number of people. A political machine is built up which functions efficiently on election day.

Another thing that contributes to the citizen's indifference is the feeling that no matter what party is in power, graft, corruption and extravagance are inevitable. This is why it is so difficult to turn out of office the ruling machine. "What difference will it make?" asks the average citizen who is a cynic

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as regards the possibility of official government. Too many people assume that politics is "a dirty business" and refuse to have anything to do with it. Under our system of government it is the duty of each citizen to exercise his voting right in order that the best possible type of representative be chosen. I don't think the average business man is so "lily white" that he can throw stones at the average office-holder. There are practices in the business world, large or small, that smell to heaven, just as in public life. It is probable that public life is a reflection of our business and social lives.

Then again we are divided into blocs. We have religious, racial, business, labor, class, veteran and farm blocs exercising the predominent and ruling force in the town, state and nation. Many citizens feel they must join one of these groups at least in order to have a voice in their government. A small group of leaders frequently controls thousands of votes. Inasmuch as most people are content to follow—instead of trying to find their own fates—it would seem the future of our communities and our nation depends upon the type of leaders the various blocs bring forth.

Finally, too great a reliance on laws and systems tends to lessen what little interest the average citizen has in his government. We seem to feel that any problem can be solved by the passage of a law or the installation of a system. The direct primary system, direct election of senators, woman suffrage, etc., were supposed to usher in a new era. Have they? So long as the average citizen is indifferent, no law or system will be effective.

All these comments are applicable to town, state and federal government. Eternal vigilance is the price of good government! If the average citizen will not assert himself, he should not complain if extravagant and corrupt government control throughout the nation.

Howard W. Toner.

WHEN THE MICE ARE AWAY

St. Paul, Minn.

TO the Editor: The editorial on advertising which appeared in The Commonweal of May 18 ought to be given much wider currency than such intelligent writing is apt, unfortunately, ever to enjoy. The disheartening manner in which copywriters deliberately play up to the meanest, shoddiest and shallowest of sentiments, the cheapest of petty vanities, is perhaps just one symptom of the disease, whatever it is, that has rendered Big Business so ignominiously inert in the present crisis. But it is a particularly unpleasant manifestation, and one in which a good many people—more, probably, than its sponsors realize—see downright insolence.

Recently, to take one case, I heard one group of women in irritated agreement against a brand of luggage whose obviously expensive advertising pivots principally upon the idea that people are judged by the traveling bags they carry, and are properly snubbed by society unless they patronize a given make. The latest piece of provincial impertinence to attract my notice is a placard issued on behalf of the lemon trade. "Tea," says its legend, "is not correct without lemon." The idea evidently is to browbeat timid hostesses into conformity with the requirements of the industry, on the supposition that none of them will rise, stick out a figurative tongue at the composer of the misstatement, and tell him to—well, tell him to go chase himself, in whatever happens to be the current vernacular for that serviceable hint. As a matter of simple fact, tea is much more correct without lemon—if the adjective be admitted in spite of

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its ineptitude—in the world's largest tea-drinking areas, such as the British Empire, China, Japan and a goodly part even of Russia, where the lemon idea originated. This obvious retort is set down only to show how easily the puffy pomposities of such mercantile claims can be punctured. The more disagreeable aspect of the fallacy lies in its assumption that true hospitality rests upon some precarious and constantly shifting set of arbitrary pronouncements, instead of on one eternally valid and solid principle: consideration of the comfort and pleasure of those to whom it is offered.

It may be due to the fact that our national economic nerves are pretty raw just now that this type of spurious appeal is particularly annoying; perhaps, in our distressed search for a few permanent values, we are less inclined than ever to be patient with the silly, make-believe standards which commercial interests are erecting in grotesque numbers. Again, it is possible that these standards may be interpreted as the straws at which drowning industries are clutching. Whatever the diagnosis, the ailment certainly comes under the head of preventable diseases, and maybe the feminine population, regarded as the copywriter's own special reading public, will decide to do something about it.

FRANCES BOARDMAN.

A SIGN IN THE HEAVENS

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor: Your editorial in a recent issue of THE COMMONWEAL, which speaks of a world again turning to spiritual values, after those erected by materialism lay shattered about us, has its theme expressed in the same way in the article in the May number of *Harper's*, entitled "The Unemployed—The Kidnappers," by E. S. Martin, in the Editor's Easy Chair section.

The forenote of one generation is the prophecy of the next, and the fruition of the next. What I mean to say, in words of one syllable, is that capitalism is a Frankenstein, and the world looks for a solution—some to the philosophy of the Church, some to the experiment in Russia.

The next clash will take place in Asia—with those two great forces in combat—and those who will direct the fight in days to come will be the descendants of those Orientals now being converted by our missionaries in India, China, Korea and Japan.

HELEN O'D. SCHWEIZER.

ENGLISH AND ITALIAN RHYMES

Crockett, Calif.

TO the Editor: The following matter is not at all so important as that usually found in your "Communications," but if you have a couple of inches available you might like to print it.

I have recently read in a book review which appeared in your publication the statement that "the English language is poor in rhymes when compared with the Italian language." I believe this is an assertion generally made, but it is not unqualifiedly true. As a matter of fact, there are more rhyme-sounds in English than in Italian; however, very often only a few words may be grouped under an English rhyme-sound, while in Italian a rhyme-sound usually covers many words. Hence, from the point of view of the rhyme, couplets would be easier in English, but a meter requiring three or four equal rhymes would be easier in Italian. A demonstration would require too much space: take my word for it, if you please.

A. R. BANDINI.

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THE PLAY

By RICHARD DANA SKINNER

Troilus and Cressida

FOR THEIR eleventh annual revival, the Players Club selected this year a true novelty in the form of an adapted version of Shakespeare's Troilus and Cressida. It appears by the records that this play has been given only once before in America, by the Yale Dramatic Association at New Haven in 1916, and never before on the professional stage. In England it has been given in only five productions since 1734. Many reasons have probably combined to bring about this relative obscurity, among them the rough and bawdy character of many of the scenes and the incoherent structure of the play itself, which divides its attention heretically between the story of the Trojan lovers and the military squabbles of the Greek and Trojan generals. The present version, arranged under Henry Herbert's direction by a committee including Austin Strong, Clayton Hamilton and John Erskine, manages to tone down very slightly though some of the elements which have aroused objection in the past, and certainly brings the scenes into a sufficiently well ordered sequence to give some feeling of unity to the plot.

In the past, knowledge of this play has been pretty closely confined to students of Shakespeare, many of whom have professed to find it full of faults not alone in construction but also in technical matters of line and verse. Dr. Johnson says that it "is more correctly written than most of Shakespeare's compositions," thus taking issue flatly with its more severe critics, but then adds "it is not one of those in which either the extent of his views or elevation of his fancy is fully displayed. As the story abounded with materials, he has exerted little invention; but he has diversified his characters with great variety, and preserved them with great exactness. His vicious characters disgust, but cannot corrupt; for both Cressida and Pandarus are detested and contemned. The comic characters seem to have been the favorites of the writer: they are of the superficial kind, and exhibit more of manners than nature; but they are copiously filled and powerfully impressed." Most modern commentators would, I think, disagree with this estimate. Pandarus, the uncle of Cressida, who arranges to give her to Troilus, one of the sons of Priam, is disgusting enough, if you will, but there is an evident conflict in Shakespeare's treatment of Cressida. She is, of course, utterly false to Troilus, once she is handed over as a hostage to the Greeks. But even as she arranges a tryst with Diomedes, the Greek, she cries:

> "Troilus, farewell! one eye yet looks on thee;
> But with my heart the other eye doth see.
> Ah! poor our sex! This fault in us I find;
> The error of our eye directs our mind:
> What error leads, must err: O, then conclude,
> Minds, sway'd by eyes, are full of turpitude."

And Troilus, hearing her, seems to sum up the conflict in Shakespeare's soul when he cries, "Let it not be believed for womanhood!" The poet has written of Cressida as a wanton, one who betrays the beauty of her sex. But he has thrown glamor about her and made of her more weakling than wanton, one who yields through passion but knows and understands the depth of her wrong. One cannot include her among Dr. Johnson's "vicious characters who disgust" and therefore "cannot corrupt." She is far more the glamorous symbol of the weakness that does corrupt, or else turns life to bitterness. Troilus

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and Cressida is the play of a bitter Shakespeare, of a man first tasting the ashes of burnt ideals, and ready, for that reason, to hold all idealism up to scorn.

This feeling carries through forcibly into the treatment of the Greek and Trojan generals, most of whom are satirized as "beef-witted lords" and reduced to comic opera proportions. Pandarus is the character through whom Shakespeare pours forth his bitterness over lost romantic ideals in love, and Thersites, the hunch-backed and foul-mouthed Greek, is the vehicle for Shakespeare's satire of the legendary heroes of battle.

Thersites, who has all the lechery and none of the nobility of Fallstaff, is the mouthpiece for many of the most scurrilous lines Shakespeare ever wrote, lines which drip venom on the whole brood of warring generals and reduce them to the stature of ants—"all incontinent varlets!" None of them is spared, not even Hector.

The play, in short, is written with a combination of cynicism and bitterness quite foreign to the mature Shakespeare. Yet, for all of this, it has many lines of penetrating beauty and others of keen perception. To Troilus and to the mad Cassandra are given most of the lines that hold full promise of the greater Shakespeare of the tragedies.

The Players, in their revival, have chosen to present all the characters in costumes of Shakespeare's own period, thus holding to a certain measure of precedent, not apt to be appreciated by a modern audience, and, at the same time, exaggerating the Erskinized feeling of the story. To see either Trojans or Greeks in the clothes and armor of Elizabethans is never to lose sight of the satirical intent of the play. For all that Shakespearean actors may have used the costumes of their day, the general effect is just as much open to present day criticism as the freak presentations of Hamlet in "plus fours" a few years back. The amusing incongruity of the effect is far offset, to my mind, by the loss of what small measure of sincerity may inhere in the original play. The Players found no reason to present Julius Caesar in Shakespearean dress. Then why Troilus and Cressida? Is the altered viewpoint due to a recognition of the essentially bawdy character of much of the play and a feeling that perhaps the atmosphere of old England would seem more fitting for the uncompromisingly filthy if forceful lines of Thersites?

As usual, the cast of the revival is an assembly of notables, in which the Thersites of Otis Skinner, the Pandarus of Eugene Powers and the Cressida of Edith Barrett merit most of the praise. Mr. Skinner attempts no glossing of the villainous Grecian and plays him to the hilt with a technical artistry and a rough abandon which found a much worthier expression in Falstaff. Eugene Powers, who can never escape a diction and manner reminiscent of George Arliss, managed to combine the Arliss Shylock and the disgusting Pandarus into one unpalatable parcel—another bit of excellent acting. Edith Barrett's loveliness only emphasized the conflicting elements in the portrait of Cressida and made her perfidy all the harder to swallow. William Sams made an astutely observant and humorous Ulysses, serving as an excellent foil for the beef-eating monstrosity of Ajax in the person of Charles Coburn. Jerome Lawler was passionately serious as the unhappy Troilus, but did not attain a convincing impetuosity until the later scenes. All in all, this revival must be considered as an interesting curio, and as giving adequate proof of the common sense of public judgment which has relegated this play to manuscript reading for so many scores of years and emphasized the incontestably great dramas and magnificent commentaries on life which Shakespeare has given us.

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BOOKS

Recent Books on Economic Subjects

THIS is a time when all good economists hasten to the aid of their parties—and when bad ones eagerly follow suit. We have gathered together here a number of interesting publications, some of them genuine contributions to thought and others summaries of evidence. Many deserve far more notice than they are given here.

Money, particularly as a medium of trade, has received a good deal of attention. "The Twelfth Hour of Capitalism," by Kuno Renatus (New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50) means what the title indicates. The author takes for his specific subject-matter the question: why has the attempt to pay off war debts meant disaster not to Germany but to world trade? His answer, which is based upon an excellent critique of previously existing theories, is that "live, productive capital" must earn the interest and amortization charges on "dead capital carried forward." His suggestion is that the interest charge on government indebtedness be reduced. Undoubtedly this is one of the most intelligent and helpful books ever written on this question, though the tone is needlessly argumentative.

Professor James Kerr Pollock is the author of "Money and Politics Abroad" (New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $3.50), a study of how the political organizations of Great Britain, France, Germany and several other European countries are financed. The discussion is good and well-informed as far as it goes. Unfortunately the book was written before certain really very interesting questions—for instance, the origin of the Hitler funds—were up for discussion. Nor is one always in agreement. It is probably true that the ordinary level of political expenditures is lower in France than in Great Britain; but in the first country there are a greater number of semi-partizan organizations, notably L'Action Francaise, which collect a good deal of cash.

The trouble with Mr. George Soule's very readable and suggestive volume, "A Planned Society" (New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.50), is that it is really only a plea for the idea of turning our thoughts away from an unrestrictedly individualistic capitalism to a more collective system. Most of the book offers an analysis, sometimes sketchily but always agreeably written, of the period through which we have passed—its abandonment of the millennial outlook, its confidence in lack of management and its half-hearted utopias. Mr. Soule then offers a chapter on Russia, which is unconvincing, and two on "how to begin planning" which strike one as being fairly vague. Beyond an appeal to the public and certain reminiscences of Taney, these chapters offer very little that might be termed fuel for hope.

Another *New Republic* editor, Edmund Wilson, has done some reporting about the "slump." The total result is compressed into The "American Jitters" (New York. Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50), which book is an exceptionally careful blend of good description, indignant thinking, sound observation, gullibility and maledictions. Mr. Wilson is often taken in. Apparently far too little acquainted with the lives of the poor under normal conditions, he is utterly nonplussed by some of their remarks in bad times. His writing is far too lacking in poise, irony and inner firmness to do the trick which it might otherwise accomplish. Yet the book ought to be read—particularly by those who fail to realize even now that religion is far too complacent in times which clamor for the Prophet Amos.

"Harlan Miners Speak," the report of the Dreiser Committee

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(New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.00), is one of the few genuinely important volumes produced by the economic debacle. To be sure, there may have been something fantastic and unhealthy about this pilgrimage of left-wing writers to Kentucky in the interests of groups anxious to wage at least a minor wage war. Nevertheless the action of the committee was so definitely in the great American tradition, and the circumstances against which they were protesting so deplorable, that every good citizen ought to spend an uncomfortable hour or two over this book. Not all the discomfort, it is true, will be caused by the revelations of injustice. There is Mr. Sherwood Anderson's speech, for example—sentimentality and adjective-popping of the worst brand.

More general economic knowledge is being sought by numerous people, who read articles and comment on business subjects with more care than they would have dreamed of expending a few years ago. Under the editorship of Professor Walter E. Spahr, various specialists of the faculty of New York University have written a two-volume compendium entitled "The Economic Foundation of Business" (Ray Long and Richard Smith, Incorporated. $8.00). Thus there is offered what is virtually an intensive course in economic theory, usable in college and by the average educated reader. Many sections are admirably lucid and sound. But the work as a whole subscribes to a view of evolutionism for which there is no evidence of value in either thought or history; the discussion of Malthusianism is biased; and the treatment of mediaeval institutions lacks insight into ecclesiastical polity. As a whole, therefore, the work is not to be recommended for use in Catholic colleges.

It has often been said that the drama of American history lies in the struggle for the finding and exploitation of natural resources. Nevertheless there have been few, indeed, to chronicle this story in more than an off-hand manner. "A History of American Economic Life," by Professor Edward C. Kirkland, of Bowdoin College, seems to us the first adequate volume on the subject. (New York: F. S. Crofts and Company. $5.00). It is comprehensive, manifesting both ability to see things in masses and skill in noting the significance of details; it is sane in outlook, possessing standards of appraisal but not dinning these into one's ears on every conceivable occasion; and it is unusually well-written. Believing as we do that the salvation of American democracy will come when a level-headed electorate knows things which really matter, we trust that Professor Kirkland's volume will be widely used in colleges (and elsewhere) to supplant some of the fatuous and useless texts which now oppress the mind of man. His is a first-rate performance, which well-nigh revives our defunct confidence in the writing professor.

T. C.

Sources of Our Civilization

The Soul of America, by Arthur Hobson Quinn. Philadelphia: University of Pennsylvania Press. $3.00.

MR. QUINN begins his study of America—by which he means the United States—with an analysis of the strangely diverse strands which have been woven into our national life. When we have read his preliminary pages, we are aware of the writer's buoyant optimism, which is not precisely convincing, but which never degenerates into fatuity. He deals in subsequent chapters with the mature and powerful minds that founded our republic and framed its constitution; with the heroisms of the Civil War and the period of expansion that followed. He is not so much in love with his country that he cannot tell a plain tale plainly; but we detect the immense

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relief with which he turns from nation-wide corruption to the bolt to decency and reform which in 1884 put Grover Cleveland in the White House.

Mr. Quinn's admiration of Mr. Cleveland is all the more welcome because he evinces scant sympathy with another reforming President, Theodore Roosevelt. But it is not given to any historian to write understandingly about all big men; and the noble sentence, "Cleveland is one of the justifications of democracy," deserves to be cut in stone above the statesman's grave. Democracy needs all the justification it can get. It is demonstrable in argument, but invariably imperfect in execution.

The second half of "The Soul of America" grows thin because the author feels the necessity of saying a civil word about all poets, novelists and dramatists whose Americanism pleases him. Such plays as "Strange Interlude," "White Wing," and "Tomorrow and Tomorrow" hardly deserve space in a book which should be read after they have passed out of men's minds and memories. "Mourning Becomes Electra" is an interesting experiment; but when Mr. Quinn says that in it "O'Neill dared to match his imaginative strength with the greatest of the Greek dramatists, and came out triumphant," we are inevitably reminded of the number of playwrights who in their day outstripped Shakespeare. On the other hand, while it is natural that an enthusiast should derive little satisfaction from the novels of Mr. Sinclair Lewis which make no bid for popularity, yet Babbit can hardly be dismissed as a caricature. Few characters in modern fiction have given their names to a type. Jekyll and Hyde, Sherlock Holmes, and Babbit—when we say these words, everyone knows what we mean. It is a species of immortality.

"We owe Europe nothing," is Mr. Quinn's final summing up of the situation. If he means money, we do not. Europe owes us money. If he means anything else, we do. The civilized world is an intricate network of debts which every nation owes to its neighbors, which it acknowledges and strives to pay in kind. This is, indeed, the essence of civilization.

AGNES REPPLIER.

English Translation Announced

Le Chien Jaune, and other volumes, by George Simenon. Paris: A. Fayard et Compagnie. Francs 6.

GEORGE SIMENON, a Frenchman, writes a detective novel a month. A few years ago he averaged a book every three days, publishing his productions of love, romance and adventure under some fifteen different names. Now with the coming of age he has slowed down and turned serious. He is twenty-eight. This tremendous output, even allowing for the fact that French novels are much shorter than English, has frightened, astounded and annoyed many critics. For some time it frightened them into complete silence. Of late, however, reluctant and admiring notes have appeared. They were afraid of liking trash. The books cost too little and had photographic covers. Perhaps some one remembered Balzac or Dostoevsky and concluded that a book should be judged by reading it and the author not sent back to school for having brought in his theme before the end of the hour.

When no less a critic than Edmond Jaloux read Simenon he at once belied his name and saw and acknowledged the outstanding feature of Simeon's work: "Each one of these stories is an essay in atmosphere."

A crime is committed. Simenon or his detective Maigret, excepting Father Brown the only human detective in literature, goes through the mechanical police process of ascertaining the

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facts but then, obvious and unconcealed, proceeds to live with the characters involved. He places himself in the village or city, the social structure, the profession, the job, the time table of daily and humble life and patiently waits till the criminal makes himself known. The crimes committed are generally the ill-fated and unhappy attempts of people to break free from some particular and fully described situation. The criminal is neither an artificial problem for the author to play with nor a superintelligent master of crime. Both he and the detective are very much as they are in life: they each have perfectly satisfactory reasons for doing what they do. One of them, however, represents the normal sanity and normal social order of which the other is an eccentric element doomed to failure.

There is a story about Holland, stories about French villages and ports, stories about Paris, and in every case the picture of some special social order disturbed by a crime is of most unusual value. One learns things one never knew. There is for instance, the story of a murder on one of the barges that haul freight along the vast network of French canals. When you have read it you know how far a barge travels in a day, what sort of people man it, how they jockey for position at the locks in order to pass through early when they open in the morning, the strange river cafés where they have a drink after tying up at night, the smell of the tar-coated barges. Each volume leaves a lasting picture, because it is in absorbing and expressing all the normal routine that surrounds a crime that Simenon reaches the discordant element, the criminal. And it is this reconstruction of the background that makes the greatest factor in his success.

GOUVERNEUR PAULDING.

A Vigorous Ancient Bard

New Poems: Eighty Songs at Eighty, by Edwin Markham. New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company, Incorporated. $2.00.

ANY CRITIC could think of easier tasks than trying, just at this time, to evaluate the poetic art of Edwin Markham. When he began to write, he took the torch direct from its traditional bearers. Since then, a great many things have happened in the art of poetry. Every feature of the traditional ways of crystallizing imaginative thought into poetry has been questioned, and many innovations have been experimentally tried, some to be generally accepted. The younger poets have by so great a majority abandoned such things as moral purpose, rich imagery, sonorous music, regular metrics and suave rhythms, that our ears now find these things a bit strange. But Edwin Markham has continued to write as he always wrote, as his great predecessors wrote, particularly as Bryant on the one hand and Poe on the other, wrote. So it is not so easy to do him justice, yet it would surely be exhibiting a merely fashionable mind to deprecate his work by a term so illegitimate in real criticism as "old-fashioned."

Markham's power as a poet is shown in no way more clearly than by his compulsion of our acceptance of didacticism, which was under attack even long before the rise of the moderns. The most telling count that could ever be charged against him has been that his work is highly rhetorical. Much of it can be called "rhymed rhetoric." But, so often, what gorgeous, thrilling, powerful rhetoric!

Last fall Edwin Markham was eighty years old, and he was widely honored; he has indeed become an American institution; and his gallantry and kindliness of spirit have long since won him a singular degree of affection even from those who must

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NEXT WEEK

THE DISTRIBUTION OF INCOME, by Victor von Szeliski should interest everyone, both those who have an income and those who have not. The extreme concentration of wealth has been often pointed to as a principal evil of the capitalist system. Just what that distribution or concentration is, therefore, is a matter which is not only fascinating from a personal point of view but also from the larger social significance of it. While it is not true that 5 percent of the people control 95 percent of the wealth in the United States, the facts show an obviously faulty state of affairs. Mr. Szeliski's article is packed with exact information and will no doubt be most valuable for some time as a brief study of the subject. One of the most hopeful signs in the present depression, is the substantial progress that is being made in understanding the causes of social and economic disorders. The very wealthy suffer as well as the poor, when financial maladjustment causes a breakdown in the sale of goods and the depreciation of manufacturing and farming and railroad properties. This grace of intelligence which is being manifested on this subject, is the hope of an orderly adjustment of the capitalist system without occasion for class warfare and the arbitrariness and tyrannies of systems such as that of Communist Russia. In short—or rather, at more than our usual length in this department—we urge you not to miss this article on incomes in the United States. . . . There of course will be others, on music, literature, the theatre and other amenities of life, as well as political comment, editorials and book-reviews. As the barker at the side show says, "This highly instructive and entertaining exhibition, gathered at great expense from all over the world, costs you not a dollar, ladies and gentlemen, not even half a dollar, but only ten cents, one slim dime."

sharply dissent from some of his teachings and tendencies. Of the present collection, most of the poems were written during the past five years, many of them during his eightieth year. His continued vigor is amazing. Nothing has to be excused or indulged because of his age. However, many of the "Lyrics of Love and Death" and "Songs to the Divine Mother" are comparatively trivial; the pleasant trivia of a poet's less inspired moments. No discount need be made, however, for the quatrains grouped as "Oaks in Acorns" nor for the "Sonnets of Love and Death." One quatrain must suffice to exhibit his art in this difficult form:

"Three things must a man possess if his soul would live,
And know life's perfect good—
Three things would the all-supplying Father give—
Bread, Beauty and Brotherhood."

Among the sonnets there are some well-nigh perfect and very powerful examples. Here are found in greatest abundance the most typical Markham lines, images, metaphors and personifications. In the lack of space to quote a sonnet, let us savor one single typical line—

"While Babylonian lions shook the night!"

To all lovers of poetry in the high tradition, this book is important; and just as much so to all students of versification, for the art—the natural art—of this eighty-year-old bard is something to admire and study.

SHAEMAS O'SHEEL.

The Jeanne of Miracles

The Sword of God: Jeanne d'Arc, by Guy Endore. New York: Farrar and Rinehart, Incorporated. $3.50.

PERHAPS "The Sword of God," being both a biography and a discussion of all the documents and the greater part of Jeanne literature, might better be reviewed as two books. However, since Mr. Endore himself admits that he has attempted "to tell the story in its most beautiful form . . . without any regard to all our latest theories as to just how things happen," the biography takes a lesser, though more lengthy part. This does not mean to say that it is not excellent. The author is rightly ready to defend his Jeanne. He refuses to employ a preconceived rationalization, and treats his subject objectively, asserting that "only in textbooks is history the clear narration of absolutely certain events." Proceeding from the premise that "naturally such books are false from beginning to end," he is convinced that the magic of historic perspective is really, upon truthful analysis, nothing more than so much mumbo jumbo obscured by the "fog of years and the indifference of the layman."

He writes that the rightness of Persia or Egypt in the war they waged centuries before Christ can be settled because no one now cares how the question is decided. "But the Jeanne d'Arc question is alive. Therefore, it cannot be settled. Why is the Jeanne d'Arc question alive? Because the Catholic Church is still alive. Because people can still dispute concerning the possibility of miracles, of visions, etc. Because England and France are alive. Because the sore spot of which she was the center in her day is still today a sore spot, which must not be touched *indelicately!*"

Mr. Endore himself has accordingly laid greater stress on those arguments which he brings to bear in attack on or in support of the numerous writers who had portrayed Jeanne. Here his blows fall tellingly and decisively. George Bernard Shaw's

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"Saint Joan" is shown to be the febrile creation of one who fitted fact into the design of an ill-founded and preposterous theory. Anatole France fares little better. And those who have in turn sought to connect the Maid with Satanic cults or to explain her in the jargon of Freud or some by hypothesis of hormones are simply laughed out of court. Nor is Mr. Endore more merciful to the biographer who, in excess of zeal, has embroidered his story with invention which serves to increase praise or lessen blame. He has made a truly gigantic research.

It is extraordinary in a way that Mr. Endore, who professes his adherence to Judaism, gives so completely what is the ultimate Catholic portrait of Jeanne. For he has not approached his work from a faith which would willingly accept miracles but from a reason which resolutely refuses to dismiss the supernatural because it cannot comprehend. Beyond question the value of such exposition far surpasses that which idealizes. And it is safe to add that no future writer who attempts a biography of Jeanne can afford to ignore Mr. Endore.

JOHN GILLAND BRUNINI.

The New Old Country

Young Europe, by Valentine Thompson. New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company, Incorporated.

"GO EAST, young man, grow up with Europe." So Horace Greeley would say were he alive today, says Madame Thompson, in a book that unfolds the panorama of a new Europe, new in economic, political and diplomatic aspects, and affording us the spectacle of the "greatest social revolution that has ever taken place . . . the world's greatest drama," involving the destiny of all mankind. Europe looms up as "the youngest of continents."

The author disposes of the commonplace fallacy that Europe is outworn. The Continent is full of rich, abundant life. The Great War proved the bravery and vigor of her people, civilian as well as military, and brought a new consciousness to Europe. Leading minds saw no defensive devices against further troubles and emergencies save the dubious one of raising armies and accepting the absurd decisions of war, where victory and defeat form the same illusion. Leaders sought for a new concept. How far they have come is seen in the words of the late Briand to the author: "Most of the difficulties we have solved since the war with the aid of the League of Nations would have caused a war before 1914." Madame Thompson has spoken with such leaders as Bruening, Laval, Pusta, MacDonald, Benes, Monsignor Seipel and others, each talking from the viewpoint of his own nation, but all moved by the same desire for peace. She has also spoken with the man in the street. Fascism and Bolshevism, last symbols of the old formula of oppression, must go; they contain the seeds of their own destruction, according to the author.

It is a highly interesting book, a valuable addition to literature on the international problem. The final chapter, a sort of peroration on America, seems unnecessary. The reviewer looked in vain for a few words at least on Ireland, and newest of European states and coming to have a very significant part in the scene. Even the great Briand himself was the scion of southern Irish emigrants; his great-grandparents came from Waterford.

Madame Thompson is a European and proud of it. Her faith in the future of the Continent is admirable, and logical as well. Her volume is to be recommended especially for those who have had any fears of the Spenglerian doom.

T. F. HEALY.

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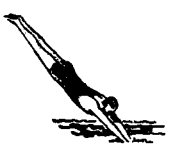

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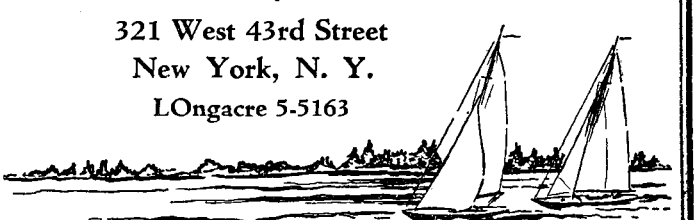

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Briefer Mention

Tonight We Improvise, by Luigi Pirandello. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company, Incorporated. $2.50.

THE PIRANDELLO formula has given us another exhilarating adventure in cerebralized passions. "Tonight We Improvise" is a right-about-face on the famous "Six Characters." They groped for someone to give their lives form, their turbulent passions and living frets the haven of a fixed, immutable art. In this satiric tragedy, the author has given his characters what they desired, or at least a measure of removal from the hectic vibrations of life; we see them struggling away from the artistic chrysalis, with all the ardent yearnings of living persons to live, to flee. So tonight they improvise; and thereby hangs a play of mixed tragic and humorous episodes. Pirandello is a master of the irony of a situation. He prosecutes with almost sensational facility his independent researches on the Janus-headed figure that shadows all his work, a figure whose two heads are stuffed with contrasting concepts, the one the ideality of poised art, the other the ideality of mobile life. Here he turns in upon himself (as what creator does not?), but not with the tortuous processes of Proust or the romantic subjectivity of Goethe. The Italian playwright sits above with a cold, starlike brilliance analyzing the basic, primal promptings of human passions. He seeks to objectify what is essentially subjective murmuring, never before articulated.

Rambling through Science, by A. L. DeLeeuw. New York: Whittlesey House. $2.50.

THE title of this book is an admirably descriptive one. Indeed, the author takes us on many excursions into the realm of science, and though he covers a wide territory he impresses us constantly with the interesting phenomena he selects for conversation. This book was evidently designed for the ordinary man—the layman who is mystified and baffled by the magicians of the laboratory who play with test tubes and dynamos, who split the atom one day and weigh the sun the next. Mr. DeLeeuw talks with us informally about Einstein's theory of relativity, of the fourth dimension, of cosmic rays and the photoelectric cell; he tells how the speed of light was measured by Michelson, and again how Galvani and Oerstedt came upon the discoveries which have contributed so much to our civilization. Yet he is able to avoid technicalities, and talk with unusual clarity and simplicity. Throughout he proves to be instructive without being pedantic, enjoyable without a trace of superficiality.

Lives in the Making, by Henry Neumann. New York: D. Appleton and Company. $3.00.

THE object of Dr. Neumann's book is "to promote ethical life for the home and the community," i.e. "a life that is animated by a grand outlook over human destiny as a whole." To achieve this purpose, the author, who is a leader in Ethical Culture, discusses aims and ways of character building. Among the questions he answers are what the home, community, school and modern psychology can do for the improvement of childhood. The book is well written and gathers a large amount of information in one volume. There are a few passages to which others will withhold their consent, but they are not objectionable from any point of view. The author's experience and his knowledge of ancient and modern literature related to the subject is evident. As a whole, it is a good book which parents and educators will enjoy and read with profit.

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Pity of God, by Beulah Marie Dix. New York: The Viking Press. $2.50.

MISS Dix's first modern novel is modern in setting and also in that it is done in the broken technique now fashionable—letting peoples' thoughts spill on the pages like stage soliloquies: a method that makes for vividness but causes occasional difficulties in clearness. This book offers, however, something different: most modern novels let people work out their own problems or let them, failing to work them out, suffer death or some end as definite as death. Miss Dix calls in the aid of God to cut a Gordian knot that has become so interwoven that it seems no efforts of even the best intentioned humans in the story can make of it again unbroken threads to reweave into a decent tapestry of life. She does it convincingly. The people are real and no situation in which they have involved themselves or been involved seems strained. The thing that lifts this novel into controversial place is just this pity of God that titles the story. The intervention of God has usually taken place for purposes of healing rather than for destruction—at least our modern miracles are those of healing, of help. This author goes back to the Old Testament for her miracle rather than to the New. However, in the Old Testament it is large-scale destructions—hosts and armies are aided or destroyed by Jehovah. Hence, dramatic as is the intervention of God here, it seems too small a *casus,* too unimportant a group; there are no principles at stake here, no mention of souls' loss or gain. It seems almost as if one of God's lieutenants—a human one—could have pulled these people out of their conflicts and the actual necessity of an intervening hand from on high were used merely as artistry of ending.

Lift Your Hands Skyward, by Ethel King. Georgia: The Banner Press, Emory University.

SLIGHT fancies and conceits which provoke the reflection that, ultimately, neither fancy nor conceit man ever has entertained will lack versification; a group of sea pieces and another of pieces with a contemporary motif are the trivia of Miss King's book, and an ephemeral setting for two or three that display a substantial talent for metaphysics not unworthy to follow somewhere in the train of the school of Donne. These two, *Color* and *Response,* and a possible third piece, commend a collection of verses to a wider audience than the circle of friends of the author among whom it otherwise would find its only readers. They broach Miss King's claim to eventual inclusion in the school of Southern writers the defense and definition of which is Mr. Allen Tate's unceasing effort.

The Excellent Becomes the Permanent, by Jane Addams. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.75.

IN these twelve chapters based on notes and manuscripts of memorial addresses, Jane Addams, the foundress of Hull House, is at her best. The ten characters whose memory is hallowed reveal to the reader the great soul of the author herself. Much of what she says about the memorialized might well be repeated about the author herself. From the vantage point of old age she reviews once more the persons—and incidentally the places—which made such a deep impression that it could not be effaced by decades of a busy life. The fine spirit of appreciation that runs through the book makes it delightful reading, although most of the persons are but little known. It was well that these notes were collected in one volume. In this way they make a fine contribution to American literature.

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Child Psychology, by John J. B. Morgan. New York: Richard R. Smith, Incorporated. $4.00.

PSYCHOLOGY, as the term is used by Dr. Morgan of Northwestern University, does not mean what the scholastic philosophers call the treatise *De Anima*. On the contrary, it abstracts entirely from the spirituality of the human soul and, as is the rule with modern psychologists, it denotes an inquiry into human conduct, behavior and mechanistic thinking, and the discovery of the motives prompting this or that action. Hence, much of what the author writes might apply to animals as well as to children. Religion as a factor in human behavior is rigidly excluded. The soul, its substance and activities are never defined. The chapter on thinking is deficient. Much is said about the acquisition and development of attitudes and undesirable traits in the infant, but the fact that a multitude of influences may gradually neutralize them has not been brought out. Within his own limits, however, it must be acknowledged that the author does his job well. The book has all the features a good textbook should have. Used in connection with a scholastic philosophical text supplying what has been eliminated, its value would be considerably enhanced. But even as it is, the information it furnishes recommends it to students of modern psychology as one of the best books of its kind.

Chinese Garden Architecture. By Edwin L. Howard. New York: The Macmillan Company. $6.00.

THE symmetry and repose of the Chinese garden are to us something more than exotic details, because (as Dean E. V. Meek says in his foreword to the present volume of photographs "our so-called 'English gardens' go back to the Chinese aesthetic influence which came into Europe to reinforce the growing romantic idea." Today a great deal of what was once imperial splendor has been swept away by time, war and neglect. Nevertheless, as a result of a summer tour, Mr. Howard was able to collect many remarkably interesting and suggestive views. These are described in very brief but remarkably evocative commentaries in which the art of literary visualization is skilfully practiced. The chief value which the volume has for the gardener is that the material offered affords an illuminating test for ideas he himself has sought to express. Intelligent landscaping had made no little headway in the United States during recent years; and the men responsible for this progress will be grateful to Mr. Howard, in *their* fashion. But the average mortal, possessed of a little ground or limited to the enjoyment of comunal gardens, can find here an instrument for escaping from tedium into beauty.

CONTRIBUTORS

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AGNES REPPLIER, is the American author the latest of whose books is "Times and Tendencies."

GOUVERNEUR PAULDING, is an American writer residing abroad.

SHAEMAS O'SHEEL, poet, reviewer and essayist is the author of a new redaction of "Sophokles' Antigone."

JOHN GILLAND BRUNINI, is on the COMMONWEAL staff of reviewers.

T. F. HEALY, contributes to literary reviews.

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